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REV. W. P. T. JONES.

Of Denver, Col.,—A Doctor of Divinity and Theology---A Gifted Pulpit Orator and Church Builder.

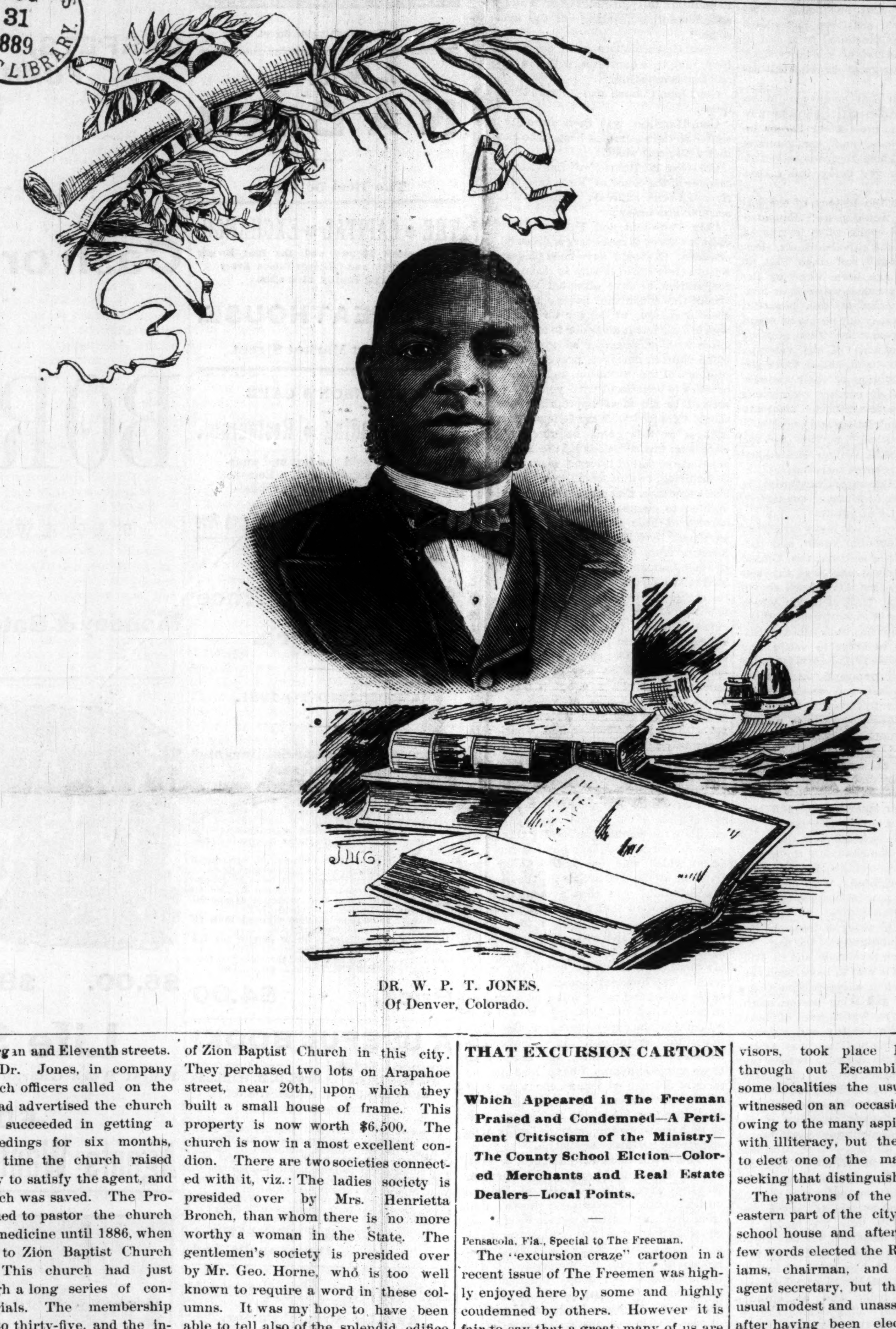
Rev. W. P. T. Jones was born in Jones county, N. C., Aug. 2, 1844. He was converted at the age of eight years, soon after which he felt his call to the ministry, but being quite young did not respond to the call until he was twenty-one years old. He was baptised in the First Baptist Church at Windsor, Canada, where he remained but a brief period when he went to Buffalo, N. Y. Remaining there also but a short time, he concluded to go west to St. Louis. This he did in 1865, and united himself with the Chamber St. Baptist Church, of which he was soon afterwards chosen deacon and Superintendent of the Sabbath School, both of which he filled to the entire satisfaction of the church. He was subsequently licensed as a minister of the gospel, and so earnest and interesting was his sermons and he was called upon from so many sources, that it soon became apparent to him that his limited education was inadequate to meet the demands upon him.

Therefore he concluded to take a course of study and immediately repaired to Nashville, Tenn., where he entered Roger Williams College and remained under the instruction of the famous Dr. D W. Phillips for six years; during which time he was not tardy, nor absent from a single recitation.

Mr. Jones subsequently attended Oberlin College, where he was taught the classics, such as Greek and Latin, for which that institution is distinguished. He soon after returned to Roger Williams and graduated in his class with high honors. But this was not the end of his labors, for he was soon after his graduation appointed by the American Home Mission Society Missionary Secretary for the city of Nashville. In 1874 he was examined before his congregation by three faculties, viz.: Of Fisk University, Central College and Roger Williams, and it was said to be the strictest examination ever witnessed by the Council, yet the candidate did not miss a question.

Prof. Jones was publicly ordained to the ministry on the following Sunday after his examination.

He soon afterward organized a Sabbath school and Church consisting of but five members, but the membership was soon increased to 190. Mr. Jones (now Reverened) concluded to further prepare himself for the work before him, and he accordingly entered Meharry Medical Institute, in Nashville, where for three years he persued the Medical course, taught a subscription school, and pastored the church. In 1879, Dr. Jones graduated in medicine and surgery, his average being eighty-nine. Thus it will be seen that during the nine years of the Professor's training he was in three of our leading educational institutions, all of which have stamped a vigorous independence and noble manhood upon him. In 1879 young Dr. Jones was called to St. Louis to take charge of the Chamber St. Baptist Church, of which he was deacon and Sabbath School Supt. eleven years before. He found the membership reduced to forty, and the church up for sale under a mortgage of $3,500. Prof. Jones went before the Board of Health and made application for authority to practice medicine in St. Louis. It was the first application of the kind ever made by a colored man before a St. Louis Board of Health, and it was therefore some time before the Board would consent to his examination. The president of the Board wrote to Nashville before he could feel satisfied that young Jones was from Meharry, and being answered in the affirmative, the Board gave him a certificate and he entered upon his profession, opening an office on the corner of Morgan and Eleventh streets. This done, Dr. Jones, in company with his church officers called on the agents who had advertised the church for sale, and succeeded in getting a stay of proceedings for six months, during which time the church raised enough money to satisfy the agent, and thus the church was saved. The Professor continued to pastor the church and practice medicine until 1886, when he was called to Zion Baptist Church in Denver. This church had just passed through a long series of conflicts and trials. The membership was reduced to thirty-five, and the indebtedness was over $4,000. The church had been sued and judgment rendered against it. Dr. Jones was the man for the occasion. Learning the real condition of the church he threw himself into the work, standing between the church and its creditors, and he soon inspired the members to a new effort, and in less than two years the membership had increased to 265 and the church debt reduced to $1,400, which amount the church hopes to raise by January, 1890, then there will be one colored church in Denver free from debt, and the efforts of a man of such great moral courage and intellectual training will be crowned with honor and glory. I should have stated that before Dr. Jones left St. Louis the church debt was reduced from $3,500 to $1,100, and the membership increased to 250. He was enabled to accumulate from his practice in St. Louis property to the amount of $4,000, which he now owns.



DR. W. P. T. JONES,
Of Denver, Colorado.

THE CHURCH.

Following are the persons through whose efforts the church was organized in 1865: Mr. T. J. Riley, Mrs. Emma Green, Mrs. Sanderloin and Rev. William Norred was the pastor. These persons and others, whose names I have not before me, were the founders of Zion Baptist Church in this city. They perchased two lots on Arapahoe street, near 20th, upon which they built a small house of frame. This property is now worth $6,500. The church is now in a most excellent condion. There are two societies connected with it, viz.: The ladies society is presided over by Mrs. Henrietta Bronch, than whom there is no more worthy a woman in the State. The gentlemen's society is presided over by Mr. Geo. Horne, who is too well known to require a word in these columns. It was my hope to have been able to tell also of the splendid edifice erected by the A. M. E. Church society, giving cuts of the church building, the pastor and the Bishop, but as yet the offiicer have not decided as to this matter.

WALLER.

"There is an art in pulling on gloves," says a fashion paper. Come to think of it, you have to get your hand'in, as it were, in putting on a glove properly.

A great deal of fault can be found in a defaulter.

TWO LOVERS.

Two lovers once a maiden wooed,
One was prosaic, one Byronic;
One in a business manner sued,
The other's suit was histrionic.

Orlando to her sonnets made,
And tore his passion into tatters;
Silas discussed the state of trade,
Consulting her in money matters.

When e'er in maiden won't, she frowned—
Their too great ardor to repress meant,
Orlando wished that he were drowned,
And Silas named some new investment.

O. swore he would a pistol take,
And give his seething passion a vent-hole,
While S. invited her to make
Inspection of his yearly rent-roll.

Long time the baluner hung between
One lover's purse, the other's passion;
At last the poems "kicked the beam,"
As Silas coolly poured the cash on.

Her indecision don't deride,
Orlando's vein quite fine she thought, or
She really feared his suicide,
And Silas' ready money bought her.

THAT EXCURSION CARTOON

Which Appeared in The Freeman Praised and Condemned—A Pertinent Critiscism of the Ministry—The County School Elction—Colored Merchants and Real Estate Dealers—Local Points.

Pensacola, Fla., Special to The Freeman.

The "excursion craze" cartoon in a recent issue of The Freemen was highly enjoyed here by some and highly coudemned by others. However it is fair to say that a great many of us are afflicted with that craze and the money that is spent annually on them would build for our many societies one of the finest stores and halls here. Yes, it would build one at a cost of fifteen or twenty thousand dollars. Any one having particular business to attend to or relative to see ought to take advantage of the cheap rates, but to quit their business and leave their wives, children and husbands in want to frolic over the country on these excursions is the height of nonsense. We are waiting with the greatest anxiety for our divines and leaders to condemn them, but they seem to be making towards us slowly indeed.

I rise to ask in behalf of a poor membership or congregation, by what right are they bound to take their hard and scanty earnings to support a minister, who frequent the places of public amusement, habitual cigar and tobacco users, wears the costumes of a dude, frequents the house of a certain portion of them and the other he never visit, whose sermons shows no sign of preparation and whose deportment are daily in opposition to that which God requires of a preacher? Please answer.

The election of public school supervisors, took place Monday night through out Escambia county. In some localities the usual scene was witnessed on an occasion of that kind owing to the many aspirants together with illiteracy, but they all managed to elect one of the many gentlemen seeking that distinguished honor.

The patrons of the school in the eastern part of the city, met at their school house and after exchanging a few words elected the Rev. J. P. Williams, chairman, and The Freeman agent secretary, but the latter in his usual modest and unassuming manner after having been elected without a dissenting voice declined the honor in a few well chosen or ill chosen words there upon the Rev. Joseph Edwards was chosen in his stead. So you see we have two preachers to start with. After the perfection of the organization, Mr. R. H. Matthews, Pensacolas famous school teacher in a neat little speech nominated for supervisor Mr. W. H. Harvey, and some one nominated P. Foster. The vote stood on the first ballot, Harvey 32, Foster 1. The chairman then declared the election of Harvey. This lucky young man is medium height, dark (very dark too) complexion, of good, and acceptable habits a prominent Odd Fellows, Undertaker, drayman and prominently connected with other societies. In behalf of the young men of Pensacola I take this method of thanking them for the united manner in which the elected this young man to that lofty and responsible position.

The office seekers, the well wishers of the same and nearly everyone are wondering why it is that President Harrison don't change the Custom-house and Postoffice officials. As the time of these staunch and representative Democrats has expired we are daily exclaiming to the victors belongs the spoils. The average colored politician who is ever on the elert to look out for the interest of some white man is foremost among them. When I look and see that the colored man is the Republicans party here and the foolish manner in which they are continually looking out for their white "friends" I can not refrain from say- "what fools ye mortals be."

The annual session of the Pensacola district of the A. M. E. Church camp meeting convened last week. Several of the divines composing the district are in attendance. We were present Wednesday night and listened to just as an appropriate prayer from the Rev. S. M. Gibbs, as ever proceeded from the mouth of man.

Messrs. Matthews brothers recently purchased two desirable lots in the eastern part of the city making a total of four or five owned by them two of which have handsome residences on them.

E. A. Bryant the newly appointed mail agent bought a handsome lot in the western part of the city, a few days ago upon which he will soon erect a palatial residence.

Messrs Julius Heinberg, J. E. Dubuisson & Co., Frank Charbonies and L. Meriwether & Bro., offers the inducement to the colored people for their trade.

Whitfield Dupont has purchased in the western part of the city two lots. He intends to erect on them at a future day one of the most handsome residence in the city.

Mr. David Gaithern, the gentleman who is destined to judge from the past and present to own part of the earth as a real estate man within a few weeks purchased several desirable lots one of them at a cost of one or two thousand dollars.

Mr. J. B. Lewis the Postoffice janitor returned Tuesday from Atlanta, where he spent a few enjoyable days.

Mr. John Sunday, the richest colored man here bought a week ago five of the most desirable lots in the western part of the city. He has already laid the foundation on one of them for a public building.

The L. & N. R. R. Co., has again employed a colored clerk. The lucky man is Mr. M. M. Jones formerly of Georgia. He appears to possess all the qualities required for the position and up to the present time he has filed the position with credit to himself and his race.

The Freeman agent boasts of having induced more colored persons to read race journals than any one here for which he feels as proud as if elected to the Florida Legislature.

Rev. James Banks, pastor of the St. Johns Baptist church and his congregation are purchasing two lots, on which they intend to build one of the most handsome and commodious brick churches here and convert their present building into a high Baptist school.

President Carnot and His Wife.

President Carnot of France is dreadfully stiff and correct in everything,—rather, in short, too conscientiously gentlemanlike and too scrupulously well bred. Not having gone through the training of a constitutional sovereign, which enables the prince of Wales to be indefatigable, he gets violent headaches, and returns to the Elysee thoroughly tired out, where his wife awaits him, thoroughly enjoying the privileges of her position, skimming the cream of everything that is pleasant without any enforced duties, always gracious, always smiling, always beautifully dressed, and never obliged to be tired, consequently much happier than any queen.

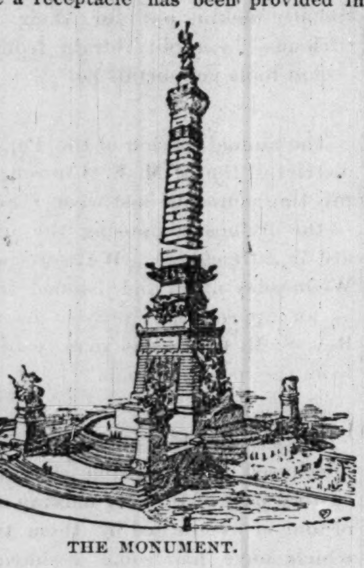
THE STATE MONUMENT.

THE CORNER STONE IS LAID WITH IMPOSING CEREMONIES.

A Very Large Attendance of the People of the State—A Parade of Soldiery of Great Length—The Programme and Particulars of an Interesting Event.

The corner stone of Indiana's proposed Soldiers and Sailors' Monument was laid at Indianapolis Thursday. Every train towards the city bore hundreds of soldiers and citizens, and by 12 o'clock the streets were seething masses of humanity, good natured, sober and patriotic. There probably never were more visitors in the city in one day. The procession required an hour to pass a given point, and was composed of no less than 5000 people. Gen. Harrison was a prominent figure in one of the carriages. The crowd at the monument site was impenetrable. President of the Monument Commission George Langsdale, Esq., made a brief statement of the origin of the monument movement, and closed with the following observations:

"On the 27th day of January, 1889, the commission adopted a design for a monument 269 feet in hight, the building of which has progressed to the point witnessed by you, and we are now assembled to put its corner-stone in place. In that stone a receptacle has been provided in



THE MONUMENT.

which a copper box will be deposited containing the records of the commission, of the great army which subdued the rebellion, and of the peaceful organizations that have sprung from it since. Contrary to the custom, the monument is not erected to an individual, and no man's name will appear upon it; but it is erected in honor of the citizen soldiers and sailors of the State who gave their lives for the preservation of our liberties, the maintenance of the government and the vindication of national honor. And as men of every creed and color, and every political faith and practice were true to their country in the hour of her peril, and shed their blood for the protection, so, too, every man in the State who has worn the national uniform can join hands round this monument and feel that in its building not one thing has been done which will in the slightest degree wound his tenderest feelings, whether they relate to religion or politics, or criticise his condition, whether rich or poor. Here every soldier will meet with comrades on a spot which he knows is sacred to him and the cause for which he fought,

"If completed according to design this monument will be the noblest structure on the continent, and there will be no purely soldiers' monument in the world its equal. It will teach the lesson that it is an honor to suffer and die for one's country, and that self-sacrifice is not without its reward. It will testify to all beholders that the brightest page in the history of the State is the record of its valor and that it will never be forgotten; and it will inculcate a spirit of loyalty and devotion and inspire a courage which will be the best guaranty for the preservation of the peace and happiness of the people.

"Commander of the Department of Indiana Grand Army of the Republic, on behalf of the Commissioners, I now ask you to deposit your records with those of the Woman's Relief Corps and the Sons of Veterans in the casket, which you will then put in its place, after which we assign you the duty of setting the corner-stone."

The crowd watched in silence the laying of the corner-stone by Chas. M. Travis, Department Commander of the Indiana Department, G. A. R. The documents were consigned to their resting place, and then the stone was placed in position in accordance with the ritual of the G. A. R. In performing the ritual rites Commander Travis was assisted by the officers of the Department, and by the Presidents respectively of the Sons of Veterans and the Woman's Relief Corps. When the stone had been placed in position the national flag was raised, and the "Star Spangled Banner" sung by Mrs. Zelda Seguin-Wallace. The imposing ceremony, which was too far within the scaffolding to be clearly appreciated by all, ended with the firing of a salute. Speaking from the platform was then resumed.

Governor Hovey, as the presiding officer of the occasion made a brief address. He said:

"We have assembled to-day to celebrate the laying of the corner-stone of the monument dedicated to the soldiers and sailors of the State of Indiana.

"Monuments are the evidence of the earliest labor and art of man. Throughout Europe, Asia, Africa and America they are found scattered without even a legend to tell of the cause of their erection. The simple mound of earth, the cairn, the pyramids, still stand the ravages of untold centuries, whilst the shaft, the obelisk, the Pantheon, and many other remains of cultivated art meet the eye in almost every part of the civilized world.

"They have, no doubt, been built to commemorate great events, or to glorify and satisfy the pride, pomp and vanity of conquerors, kings and emperors. Few, if any, will be found in any age or country which have been erected as tributes of honor to the common race of men.

"The laying of the corner-stone, for which we are assembled, in the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, is intended to confer a lasting honor on all who have served our country from the first Indian war within the State to those who had the great honor to participate in the suppression of the late grand and terrible rebellion. It will be the monument of Indiana's heroic men, living or dead. * *

"The losses on both sides during the war would not fall short of two millions by battle and disease, and to-day of all that vast host of combatants who marched to the field there are probably not exceeding two millions, North and South, who are now living. * * The late rebellion has left us one people, one consolidated nation; has torn the shackles off of more than four millions of people, who are now enjoying all the rights of freemen, and has wiped out forever in the United States the name of 'slave.'

"Out of the vast number of soldiers sent by this State there are now remaining only about 50,000, and it would be safe to say that of that number at least 40,000 are suffering with disease and broken constitutions, caused by severe service in the field. Of all those who were engaged in the active service, few will be found whose health has not been shattered, and whose lives have not been shortened from ten to fifteen years. The list of mortality since the close of the war fully sustains this assertion.

"It seems to me that no duty could be more honorable or imperative than for our nation to shield and protect our heroes in their declining years, and our veterans should command their representatives in Congress to no longer delay this sacred duty.

"What a volume the history of the soldiers of Indiana would make! Romance and fiction would pale when compared with their heroic and chivalric deeds. Privations, hardships and sufferings that no pen can describe have been borne by the brave men whose services we are now honoring by the erection of this beautiful monument. Well may our people be proud of their sons and perpetuate their glorious deeds, and may the sons of our veterans learn a great and solemn lesson from the patriotism and devotion of their fathers. Our people through coming generations will gaze on this magnificent memento with emotions of patriotism and pride."

A song, "Dedication," written for the occasion by Charles M. Walker, of the Journal, was sung, the chorus assisting.

General M. D. Manson, of Crawfordsville a hero of two wars, was then presented. He spoke eloquently as follows:

"No country on earth can justly lay higher claims to the devotion, valor and patriotism of her citizens than the United States. In the early struggles of the settlers of our Territories, there were shown acts of daring and feats of valor which make the histories of those times read like romances. When it has been found necessary to go to war, in order to settle any question which caused differences to justify such action, the demands of the occasion have always been fully and completely met by our people. To defend the flag from foreign foes and teach the world to respect our country's rights has always been our proud claim. * * When on the 15th day of April, 1861, the sad news was telegraphed over the country that the American flag had been fired upon and the blood of American citizen shed on American soil, the people were aroused all over the land. The young and old, the rich and poor, the great and small—all Indianians knew there was a great wrong perpetrated and determined that it should be righted. With one voice they registered a vow in heaven to maintain the unity of the States, the rights of the people, the supremacy of the constitution, the honor and dignity of the flag. * * During the French revolution and in 1791, at a time when it is said to have been contended by the medical profession that a weak, enfeebled and dying person might be restored by the transfusion of blood from the veins of a healthy and vigorous person, an immense audience was assembled, and during the delivery before that audience of an oration, by one of the most remarkable statesmen of history, all of a sudden he fell prostrate to the earth and the rumor ran through the vast assembly of the people—who were hanging on his utterances as the stroke of divinity—"that Mirabeau was dying for the want of blood." A young and enthusiastic Frenchman threw off his coat, laid bare his arms and rushed through the astonished and breathless crowd, crying; "Oh, take! Oh, take my blood! but let the life of the champion of the rights of the people be preserved!" And thus did the people of the State of Indiana rush, at the call of the country, demanding as determinedly and as enthusiastically as did that young Frenchman—"Oh, take! Oh, take our blood! but let the life of the Nation, the unity of States and the flag of the country be preserved!" Scarcely had the notes of alarm been received by our people, when the President of the United States called for 75,000 soldiers, to execute the laws and protect the rights of the citizens. Indiana's quota of the call for troops was less than 5,000 men. That great war governor and patriotic citizen of Indiana, Oliver P. Morton, called upon the people of the State for sixty companies or troops, and in forty-eight hours that call was responded to by more than a sufficient number of men to make up the full complement. These sixty companies were immediately organized into six regiments. Indiana had furnished five regiments during the Mexican war, and to avoid confusion and keep up the military record of the State in numerical order, the new regiments were numbered, beginning at the point arrived at with the close of the war with Mexico. The Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, Tenth and Eleventh Regiments, therefore, became a part of the military history of the State.

* * * * *

"This monument, now being erected in the State of Indiana, in pursuance with a law passed by her legislature, and in full accord with the feelings and wishes of all her people—the placing of whose corner-stone is so justly made the occasion of such grand ceremony and patriotic demonstration—is to perpetuate, through all time, the memory of the patriotism, courage and valor of all the soldiers and sailors from this State in all the wars that have taken place since her organization as a Territory and State in which her citizens as soldiers and sailors have participated.

* * * * * *

"Permit me to ask all within the sound of my voice to view for just an instant, the greatness of this occasion. Let your minds be occupied for a moment only, with the grandeur and glory of the position of our own Indiana in the great galaxy of States. This day she has made it possible, through a solemn enactment of our legislature, to have laid the corner stone of a great monument, whose splendid shaft, though it pierce the clouds, cannot rise higher than her position among the States of the United States.

"Now in the presence of this vast assembly of comrades and citizens, Comrade Benjamin Harrison, late a resident and soldier of our State, and now the honored President of the United States, who has honored this occasion with his presence—let me say that I hope and trust Indiana may always have glorious sons in the future, as she has had in the past, who will readily and willingly vindicate her honor, and the honor and glory of the United States, on every battle field and in every battle that may be fought in this country to maintain the principles of civil and constitutional liberty during all the ages to come."

"Hail Columbia" came in appropriately here, sang by a quartette, with the chorus and bands assisting.

Gen. John Coburn also delivered an address.

Gen. Harrison was then formally presented to the assembled host, who cheered him with great vigor.

Col. Geo. W. Harvey, of Danville, Commander of the Sons of Veterans, also delivered a brief address. President Harrison spoke as follows:

"Mr. President and Fellow Citizens—I did not expect to make any address on this occasion. It would have been pleasant, if I could have found leisure to make suitable preparation, to have accepted the invitation of the committee having these exercises in charge, to deliver an oration. I would have felt it an honor to associate my name with an occasion so great as this. Public duties, however, prevented the acceptance of the invitation, and I could only promise to be present with you to-day. It seemed to me most appropriate that I should take part with my fellow-citizens of Indiana in this great ceremony. There have been few occasions in the history of our State so full of interest, so magnificent, so inspiring, as that which we now witness. The suggestion that a monument should be builded to commemorate the valor and heroism of those soldiers of Indiana who gave their lives for the flag, attracted my interest from the beginning. Five years ago last January, when the people assembled in the opera house yonder to unveil the statue which had been worthily set up to our great war Governor, I ventured to express the hope that near by it, as a twin expression of one great sentiment, there might be builded a noble shaft, not to any man, not to bear on any of its majestic faces the name of a man, but a monument about which the sons of veterans, the mothers of our dead, the widows that are yet with us, might gather, and, pointing to the stately shaft, say: 'There is his monument.' The hope expressed that day is realized now.

"I congratulate the people of Indiana that our Legislature has generously met the expectations of our patriotic people. I congratulate the commission having this great work in charge, that they have secured a design which will not suffer under the criticism of the best artists of the world. I congratulate you that a monument so costly as to show that we value that which it commemorates, so artistic as to express the sentiment which evoked it, is to stand in the capital of Indiana. Does any one say there is wastefulness here? My countrymen, two hundred thousand dollars has never passed and never will pass from the treasury of Indiana, that will give a better return than the expenditure for the erection of this monument. As I have witnessed these ceremonies and listened to these patriotic hymns, I have read in the faces of the men who stand about me that lifting up of the soul, that kindling of patriotic fire that has made me realize that on such occasions the nation is laying deep and strong its future security.

"This is a monument by Indiana to Indiana soldiers. But I beg you to remember that they were only soldiers of Indiana until the enlistment oath was taken; that from that hour until they came back to the generous State that had sent them forth they were soldiers of the Uuion. So that it seemed to me not inappropriate that I should bring to you to-day the sympathy and cheer of the loyal people of all the States. No American citizen need avoid it or pass it with unsympathetic eyes, for, my countrymen, it does not commemorate a war of subjugation. There is not in the United States to-day a man who, if he realizes what has occurred since the war, and has opened his soul to the sight of that which is to come, who will not feel that it is good for all our people that victory crowned the cause which this monument commemorates. I do seriously believe that if we can measure, among the States, the benefit resulting from the preservation of the Union, the rebellious States have the larger share. It destroyed an institution that was their destruction. It opened the way for a commercial life that, if they will only embrace it, and the light, means to them a development that shall rival the best attainments of the greatest of our States.

"And now let me thank you for your pleasant greeting. I have felt lifted up by this occasion. It seems to me that our spirits have been borne up to meet those of the dead and glorified, and that from this place we shall go to our homes more resolutely set in our purpose as citizens to conserve the peace and welfare of our neighborhoods, to hold up the dignity and honor of our free institutions, and to see that no harm shall come to our country, whether from internal dissensions or from the aggressions of a foreign foe."

There is no doubt that Queen Victoria is in very bad health. Her rheumatism has defied treatment and she has grown very feeble. It is asserted that she wishes to lay her official duties aside. Should she do so the Prince of Wales would read and sign State documents. In this case he would assume the title of Prince Regent and would enjoy the use of Buckingham Palace and Windsor.

Political Anncuncement!

Charles Miles is a candidate for City Clerk, subject to the decision of tde Republican nominating convention.

Al Taffe is a candidate for city clerk, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention.

Fred Gaul is a candidate for re-election to the council from the 3rd ward. Subject to the decision of the Democratic Nominating Convention.

WM. WILSON is a candidate for re-election to the Council from the Fourth Ward, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention.

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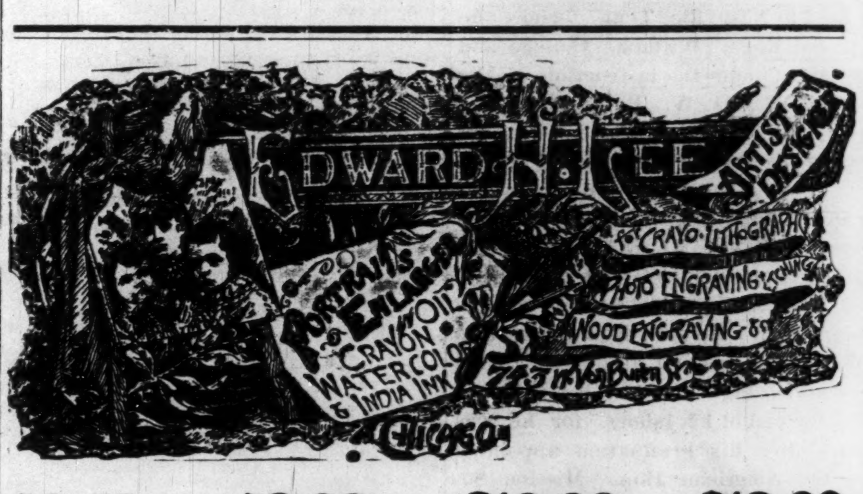

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Or drive from some brow its shadows and gloom,
Your burden will lighten each hour of the day,
You are strewing with flowers your road to the tomb.

If you come as a helper to a soul that's in need,
Or lend to the weary your strengthening hand,
You are tilling God's garden and sowing the seed
Or a harvest of love, in the soul's summer land.

If you have but a word, a smile or a tear,
Don't hoard it, give freely, 'twill solace some grief,
Take the pain from some heart, some weary one cheer,
And bring to the pain in thine own hear relief

TOO LATE.

A Story of St. Valentine's Day.

CHAPTER I.

"It is very distressing John, excuse her as you will; but beyond dancing and riding I verily believe Nell has not a single thought."

"Never mind, Mary; she won't distress you long. She is far prettier than any of her sisters; she'll marry soon. We have more cause than most parents to be grateful to matrimony, not only on our own account, but on our girls—it has taken them all off our hands. Seven marriageable daughters were an embarrassing stock-in-trade."

"Nell with all her frivolity, will be difficult to please, John; but, if she ever loves, it will be forever. Somehow I dread the future for Nell." Mrs. Thanet paused, and then continued with a sigh—"Do you still intend Randall for the medical profession?"

"Yes; we have discussed that subject Mary, till there is nothing left to say. My mind is made up. Besides, Randall has given in; I knew he would, for, as I have said over and over again, the boy has no special bent, but he knows a good deal about natural history. Believe me, he is more suited to the medical profession than any other, though I dare say he will never rise above mediocrity in it, nor indeed would he in any calling requiring indepence of thought or action."

"Which, above all others, the medical profession does. Your judgment is at fault John."

"Not at all. There are certain lines laid down, and, if he keeps to them, he'll do—he has brains enough to get through the examinations, and that's all we need care about it."

Mrs. Thanet sighed; but she was a wise woman, so wasted no more words. At that moment the door was rather brusquely opened, and a young girl came hastily into the room.

"Oh, mamma," she cried, "the Hammonds are getting up a pic-nic to Hart's Hill, and they want us all to join. It is to be on Thursday, next week."

"Next week I shall be at Warminster, Nell," answered her mother. "Poor Gussy's baby is ill. I don't think you can very well go without me. The Hammonds are not at all select in their choice of acquaintances."

"Well, I do think it hard!" pouted Nell. "If ever there is a special party a sister or a baby is certain to turn up, and I am left to shift for myself."

"You are too giddy, Nell, and a picnic is a very free-and-easy sort of affair."

"But you forget, mamma," urged Nell; "Randall can act as my escort. A pic-nic is not like a ball."

Mrs. Thanet smiled; she was an indulgent mother, if a little anxious.

"You can go, dear," she said, "if Mrs. Masters"—referring to a matronly friend—"will be responsible for you. She is sure to be of the party; the Hammonds are never out of her house."

And so it was settled. Nell went to the pic-nic, duly credited by the bland Mrs. Masters, as well as by her twin brother Randall, between whom and herself there existed a marked resemblance. Both were dark of hair and pale of cheek, both had eyes of the deepest darkest hue; but, while Randall's on close scrutiny revealed the soft rich tint of the violet, Nell's showed the strange rare iridescence of the hazel, suggestive of power and soul. Their very voices, when low pitched, had the same tone, and their smiles displayed the same pearly teeth, in both slightly inclined to be prominent; but, while the smiles on one face were somewhat melancholy and infrequent, on the other they were bright as sunbeams.

To-day, on Nell's fair face, the sunbeams were everywhere—now the eyes had them, anon the lips, which quivered as quivers water touched by a darting ray, and, when eyes and lips were still, the lovely countenance seemed to scintillate with radiance from within, for by her side was the one man whom in all the wide world she was destined to love for ever. Youth and beauty were his too. They seemed a pair well matched, as many said; but the love which had entered Nell's soul, to be a part of her very being, had only touched the surface of Lyon Leslie's heart.

He believed himself to be in love; so he had done on many previous occasions. But this time he seemed to have been rather hard hit. If the truth were told, he was more than a little uncomfortable, and in very sober moments congratulated himself that, being a soldier, he could command escape if the symptoms became dangerous. Matrimony never entered his thoughts—at least, not marriage with a dowerless girl of no particular family. He had a pretty exalted idea of his own worth, social and personal, and his 'figure' was high.

Nell had no thoughts of her own worth from either of those appraising points of view. She also had no thoughts, in the common sense of the word, of marriage; she only felt she loved, and believed she was loved in return.

They had been speaking of Randall, a subject on which Nell always waxed eloquent.

"What is your brother going to be?" asked Lyon.

"Oh, a doctor! but he doesn't like the idea."

"Then whoever makes him become one will be responsible for manslaughter, some day."

"You see my other brothers are doing well in their professions, and papa chose for them. I think it will all come right in the end, for he is clever enough for anything." But Nell's brow had a shade of care. She threw it off. "Who made you a soldier?" she asked abruptly.

"Myself. They wouldn't hear of it at home; they wanted me to take orders, because of a family living—you see I am only a second son—so I enlisted. They saw I was in earnest then, and got me a commission. Do you like soldiers?"

She looked up at him quickly; his eyes had a tender questioning look. Hers sank, and she blushed.

"Everbody likes soldiers," she replied; "there's always something about them suggestive of the old days of chivalry and ro——" She stopped, and blushed more deeply.

"Romance," he said, finishing the word for her, and watching her eloquent face.

She lifted her head quickly, and again met his gaze. He drew a decanter towards him, then lifted a glass and whispered softly—

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine."

Her deep hazel eyes literally glowed with fire as they for one brief moment seemed to blend with his. His kindled cheek flushed, he leaned forward and touched her hand; then, pale as a lily, she rose and strolled as in a dream into the dell. He followed.

Wild flowers clustered at their feet, the dog-rose and woodbine arched their heads. In shady nooks the violet thronged, filling the still air with perfume, and on grassy mounds was grouped the fragrant lily of the valley. Threading its way with a scarcely-heard murmur, was a tiny stream, filled to the very brink with clear limpid water, fed by a well-less spring that in the droughiest summer never dried up; it flowed on its even way to the great placid lake outside the confines of the valley. The banks of the silvery rivulet were fringed with ferns, for-get-me-nots, and flag lillies.

Nell bent by its side and threw blossoms in. With his hands full of forget-me-nots Lyon Leslie stood watching her.

"Shall we try our fate, Nell?" he whispered, giving her as he spoke some of the flowers he held.

She took them, and again their eyes met. There was no one nigh, no sound but the quiet murmer of the stream, and now and again the broken song of some bird returning to its mate. No loud carol ever pierced the dell, only snatches of tender melodies. A subdued halo was over all, and the very sunbeams stole in with mellowed light.

As the flowers were passed to her her hand touched Lyon's, and she trembled. His arm stole round her, and she made no adverse movement. His spell—love's spell—was on her. Then their lips met in one long silent kiss, and the flowers fell to their feet.

The strains of music came from a distance.

"They are going to dance," she whispered. "Let us go round by the lake."

Still encircling her with his arm, he obeyed. Her spell too was on him, and he weighed the words she whispered. There was not one to bind him to her.

She did not miss such words. She hardly heard those he spoke; all that entered her soul was the deep rich tone of his voice, the glowing fire of his eyes. In her heart of hearts she believed that in that supreme hour their spirits had mingled in an indissoluble union, and that what must follow to join their hands was but the required conformance to the word's rules.

As they neared the lake, the stream broadened; it hardly seemed to move. The trees had grown sparse, and the sunshine was strong and full.

She stooped and plucked two sprays of for-get-me-nots.

"Let us put each other to the test," she said, giving him one. "Throw with me and see if we reach the lake together, Whoever fails is false." And she laughed in merry defiance of such a possibility, at the same moment casting her venture. He did the same.

Then, hand in hand they followed the frail dies, which slowly bore onwards, his in advance of her's. Insensibly Lyon's spray wore toward the bank, from which, as the stream neared the lake, the fronds of the fern grew taller and stronger, and now, pushed forward by the thick growing herbage behind, were bent over and touched the water. But straight, unswerving as the clear water itself, Nell's spray sailed on. It was in advance now.

"You are tired of me," she whispered.

He answered her with his eyes, and she was content. As the rivulet advanced to its source it widened and its waters became troubled. The lazy lapping of the lake, too, against the shore changed at that point to tremulous agitation, and then, with ceaseless quiver, and now and again an impotent dash, as if in protest and warning, received into its quiet bosom the little tributary from the valley. But, as the waters touched each other, Nell's spray rose above the troubled surface, and, carried by an impetuous wavelet, lay still and fair, beyond the margin of the lake.

But Nell was not looking at the stranded spray; her eyes were fixed upon its laggard convoy, which, caught by an over-reaching frond, had been sucked into the thick foliage of the bank; and now, to all but her keen sight, was lost to view.

With a great sigh she looked up at Lyon, a scared expression in her sweet eyes.

"You are superstitious," he said. "I shall live to plague you long enough."

"It was not your death I feared," she whispered.

"Then what?"

"Your truth;" and her cheek paled.

"Love and fear do not dwell together, Neil, in trusting hearts." Then, as if curiously, he added—"Would you be very angry?"

"At what?"

It was a home question, and Lyon was prudent.

"If anyone played you false," he said, smiling.

"Any one!" she said, flushing as if pained; and then proudly—"You say love and fear cannot share the same heart; neither can anger and love. When anger enters love has gone."

"You would be unforgiving then?" he asked.

"Not unforgiving. I should simply forget"—and then, in a lower tone—"and never, never trust again."

There was a silence between the two. She stood before him pulling a fern to pieces, her head bent and her eyelashes wet. He was reading her downcast face with a strange wonder in his heart that he could feel so strongly as he did.

Would it then be so easy for him to "forget"? Would he repent when too late? His face too grew troubled. A great tear dropped from Nell's eyes upon her hand. He bent and wiped it away.

She flung the fern to the ground, and threw her head back with just a touch of *hauteur*.

"If any one play me false, I should find something better to do than poor Mariana of the Moated Grange did," she laughed. "I should gather up the fragments of my shattered life and work."

And there stole into his heart a conviction that the young impressionable girl he thought to love so lightly, to dally with a few leisure hours, and leave for other "woods and pastures new," was a noble woman, strong in, as yet, untried character, brave to dare and to do. Deep he might dive again, but never find so priceless a pearl; wide he might range, but never pluck so sweet a flower.

Words from which he might never swerve trembled on his tongue; his hand was raised to cast the die, when she said, very simply, but earnestly—

"I think I have what some would call Plebeian instincts. I love work."

Yes, that was the barrier—Plebeain bringing up. He would never pass that. When the glamour of early love had given place to sober reflection, he would be sure to feel the difference between them; it would be shown in a thousand ways; and then her relatives, he could not stand them—at least some; and he knew he could not separate her from them entirely, if at all, for Nell was devoted to her father and fond of her sisters. So quickly passed these thoughts through his brain, that almost on the instant he answered Nell, lightly, yet tenderly—

"There is nothing of the Plebeian about my Nell; she would grace a throne!"

At that moment came the strains of music from the valley,

"They are going to dance," she said.

"Then we'll tread a measure on the greensward together," he answered, taking her by the hand and leading her back to the rest of the company.

Nell's heart fluttered, and her eyes were pensive; there was a blank, she could not tell why—a want, she could not tell what.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Sham Antiquities in Paris.

There is a great passion nowadays for antique articles, and it has given birth to a world of sham antiquities. An army of handicraftsmen are busily engaged in the manufacture of these wares, which are palmed off on confiding people as being 200 or 300 years old and date from any desired landmark in history.

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A NATIONAL ILLUSTRATED COLORED NEWSPAPER
EDWARD E. COOPER, PROPRIETOR

THE FREEMAN is a weekly newspaper published in the interest of the colored people. It is issued every Saturday from 18½ N. Penn. St., by EDWARD E. COOPER, to whom all communication should be directed.

SOLD BY ALL NEWSDEALERS.

THE FREEMAN invites contribution from all parts of the country, which relates in any way to the colored people. And will pay for such when used. We want to secure active intelligent correspondents in every city and town of the U. S. Information given on application.

We prefer not to return manuscript where the articles are short, and copies easily taken—such as poems, anecdotes and brief sketches; and in no case will we undertake to return MS. unless stamps for that purpose accompany the article.

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EDWARD E. COOPER,
Indianapolis, - - Ind.

WANTED.

We want a first-class agent for The Freeman in every city and town not already taken and we will allow a liberal commission for the same. Young men and women will find this work pleasant as well as profitable. Address this office for further particulars.

Hereafter, all persons paying money to us through agents, will receive a receipt direct from this office in addition to receipt given them by agents whenever the money is turned in at the office. Subscribers will do us a favor by notifying us when such receipts are not promptly received.

THE FREEMAN must again protest against doing editorial service for about one-half of the colored newspapers. Take what you want gentleman, but mention The Freeman once in a while.

A SUBSCRIBER wants to know if there are any colored men in St. Louis and New Orleans, conducting commission and mercantile business. Our readers who live in these places will oblige us by giving light on the subject.

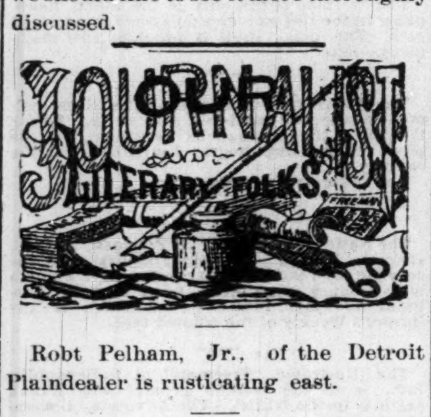
AT the convention in Virginia when Mahone, the lilliput was nominated a "colored gemmen" arose to second the nomination. In the course of his remarks he stated he had been an independent and kicker but had now come back in the traces. "Lead on master," he said, " an Ise gwine ter follow you." This Negro may be likened unto a great many more who live in this country. They will follow any white man but want to lead whenever they get among their own race:

THE New York Age continues to worry about the portraits, cartoons and caricatures which appear in The Freeman from time to time, which we regret exceedingly. We bear in mind, however, that Mr. Fortune is a hard man to please and is a "kicker,' from way back, He kicked himself out of the Republican party into the Prohibition party and then into the Democratic party and now without invitation he has sneaked back into the Republican party and is still kicking. Oh, he is a "kicker."

THE brighter day is dawning and better times are in store for the Negro politically. While our advice to the race has been to eschew politics still we are entitled to certain suffrages, honors, emoluments, etc., commensurate with our number and intelligence and the colored press for once has the right ring and speaks with no uncertain tone. It is giving a thorough discussion of the political status of the race and all who will may listen and learn. It is dissecting the tenets of our political faith and the whyfore's and wherefore's are explained. These are healthy signs. When colored men can discuss politics logically and abstractly it means progress. And the Negro is doing that very thing.

WE spoke in a recent editorial of the squemishness of colored people and so many instances have occurred to verify it that we refer to it again. One incident is the critisms which our cartoons—"A colored policeman" and "The excursion craze"—have called forth. The besetting sin of the Negro is that he knows too much in general and not enough in particular and when he gets beyond criticism; when he reaches that degree of prefection which tolerates no fault finding, then he is too good for this vale of tears. As far as the excursion business is concerned it is a well-known fact they are a downright detriment to the race and as to the colored policeman it was a bit of pleasantry. The colored police of this city are the bravest and best and they took no offense at the cartoon.

ONE of the most pertinent articles which we have read lately on "colored newspapers and how they are supported" appeared in the New York Age of the 24th inst., from the pen of I. Garland Penn, of Lynchburg, Va. Mr. Penn is a young birch twirler and is also preparing a history of the Afro-American press. He is a keen observer and tells what he knows in choice English. He attributes the failure of colored newspapers to the colored people themselves and speaks of what a powerful agency the colored teacher might become in speaking of and introducing colored journals. Here is a vital point in the life of race journals which the editors themselves seems to have overlooked—the teacher and the assistance he might render to newspapers. The experience of the editor of this paper is that while the young teachers are generally alert and willing the old school of teachers are no good. They will hardly subscribe for a race paper prefering to take some white weekly at one dollar a year which contains naught but abuse and ridicule for the Negro. What is true of the old teacher is also true of the "old time" preacher. He will not have anything to do with a newspaper unless it be his own church organ and even that must teem with his praises or it will be "sat upon." This is a another phase of the race problem and we should like to see it more thoroughly discussed.



Robt Pelham, Jr., of the Detroit Plaindealer is rusticating east.

The "colored columns" are still kept up by many of the leading white dailies.

Mrs. F. E. W. Harper, the noted temperance lecturess, is in Middletown, Conn., making a canvass.

Don't neglect to renew your subscription to The Freeman, as this may be the last issue you will recieve.

The smallest colored newspaper in country is the El Paso Negro Journal of Texas. Its a little handbill affair.

J. T. Turner, formerly editor of the Watchman, is reporter for the colored column of the Republican Eagle, Memphis, Tenn.

Hon. J. T. Settles, of Memphis, delivered the emancipation address for the colored people at Frias Point, Miss., at their celebration on the 16th.

Dr. Derrick, the new missionary secretary of the A. M. E. Church has just issued a new globe chart with the new portrait of Bishop Shorter as the central figure. The doctor is full of enterprise.

The "Free Speech and Headlight" need not worry about The Freeman's "stock of great men." We shall take the small ones when the great ones run out and we may then turn our largnette Memphisward.

Dr. M. E. Bryant, the brainy and plucky editor of the Southern Recorder durst not return to his home in Selma, Ala., because he was man enough to "talk back" to the white people of Alabama. This is indeed free America.

The Afro-American, of Denver, Col., should post up before purloining matter from the New York Age and palming it off as its own. Editor Lewis is old enough to know that truth and honor are two essentials in the successful conduct of a newspaper.

Things are evidently not as serene at Lincoln Institute, Jefferson, Mo., as they should be.

The faculty elected at the June meeting for the ensuing year was as follows: President, Inman E. Page; vice-President and professor of languages, W. G. Sears; Miss Josephine Silone, naturnal science; F. S. Delaney, history, civil government and art; Wm. H. Francis, mathematics; Miss Davie King, assistant in language and instrumental music; Miss Minerva Matlock, assistant in mathematics. When the motion to reconsider had been adopted the Board proceeded to elect a new corps of teachers, as follows:

G. N. Gresham, President, salary $1,800 per year; W. G. Sears, vice-President and professor of languages, salary $1,400; E. A. Clark, of Evansville, Ind., professor of mathematics, salary, $1,100; Miss Menerva Matlock, assistant in mathematics, salary $600; F. S. Delaney, natural science, salary $1,100; Ella L. Brown, history, civil government and art, salary $900.

The assistant in English and teacher of instrumental music and the matron were not selected.

The cause of the changes are said to be to a lack of harmony on the part of the old faculty. Prof. W. H. Furniss the professor of mathematics, taught school in this city several years also at Alcorn, Miss. He is a well-known and scholary gentleman.

G. B. ANDERSON,
of Kansas City, Kansas.

RESTING.

IN MEMORIAM OF MRS. BISHOP H. M. TURNER.

We morn to-day o'er sister dead,
But sweet seemed that rest to the weary head.
The hands so calmy are folded to rest
O'er the pulseless bosom and painless preast,
The lips are silent and closely sealed,
The love of the Savior her smile revealed
The weary feet that so oft have trod
Rough ways that led to the throne of God,
They tire no more, but forever are still;
They've reached the summit of Zion's hill,

Thrice had she come to the river before
The boatman tarried to take her o'er,
But the voice of loved ones raised in praper,
Prevailed with the Master her life to spare,

JOSIE D. HEARD.

Then through life's day she gladly gleaned
On the dear Savior on whom she leaned,
"A cup of cold water," or binding a wound
Samaritan like she was a ways found.

Her labors are ended, her toils are o'er,
He soul has flown to the golden shore,
Where saints are rejoicing in white robe dressed
And star decked crowns on their brows are pressed,
Yes, she has passed into the glory land,
And bearing the sheaves she has gleaned in her hand;
The conflict is ended, her victory complete;
She casts her crown, too, at the Lord Christ's feet,

—Josie D. Heard, Philadelphia, P

German State Salaries.

The German empire does not pay its high employes on an extravagant scale. Prince Bismarck receives £2,700 a year and a residence. The foreign secretary gets £2,500, including free quarters; the state secretary, £1,800, including free quarters; the state secretary of the Imperial Court of Justice, £1,200 and a house; the state secretary of the imperial treasury, £1,000 and a house; the state postmaster-general, £1,200 and a house the minister of war, £1,800, with a house, fuel, and rations for eight horses; the chief of the admiralty, £1,800, with a house; the chief of the general staff, £1,500, a house and rations for six horses. Fourteen commanding generals get £1,500 each with free furnished quarters and rations for eight horses. With regard to embassadors, those in London and St. Petersburg are paid £7,500 each; in Vienna, Constantinople, and Paris, £6,000 each. Of ministers £2,[illegible] is paid at Brussels, £2,250 at Bucharest, £2,400 at The Hague, £2,700 at Madrid, £3,000 at Pekin, £2,400 at Rio Janeiro, £3,150 at Washington, £2,000 at Stockholm, £2,500 at Teheran, and £2,25[illegible] at Yeddo.

JOHN G. WHITING,

Agent for The Freeman and a Candidate for a Position in the Fort Smith Postoffice.

John G. Whiting was born in Fort Smith, Ark in the year 1870. He entered Howard School at the age of eleven and every spare moment was well spent. Being a poor boy he was compelled to stop school. He was prominent in the campaign of 1888. He was assistant editor of the People's Protector, an interesting newspaper, in 1886. He was placed on the editorial staff of The Golden Epoch in 1889. He was elected editor of The Evening Star, the organ of the literary society in this city in '89. He delivered the memorial address on the death of Prof. J. C. Hawkins, his favorite teacher. He has lectured on the following subjects: "How to Become Men of the Best Principles," "The Natural Wants of the Negro Race," "The Negro as a Voter," and "The Negro Must Be Educated." He is agent for the J. S. Ogilvie firm of New York. He has worked in the interest of The Freeman, and is at present a representative of that illustrious sheet. Mr. Whiting is an applicant for a position in the postoffice at Fort Smith. He is endorsed by such men as Col. W. H. H. Clayton. He has earned a position and is entitled to the place.

W. R. BELL.

G. B. ANDERSON, ESQ.

Of Kansas City, Kas.---A Worthy Public Officer, and a Brave and Courageous Man.

G. B. Anderson was born in Riggold, Ga., Dec. 21, 1851. He was a slave. In 1856 young Anderson was bought by his father with money which he earned by splitting rails by moonlight. The laws of Georgia prohibited free Negroes living in the State, and he was taken to Tennessee, where he remained until his fourteenth year, at which time he returned to his parents at Riggold, Ga. In 1870 he attended a private school in the above named town. This school was taught by Mrs. Malinda Griffin, of Atlanta. This was, however, under great disadvantages, and young Anderson could only attend school at odd times. During the same year (1870) a band of Kuklux came to the school house and ordered Miss Griffin to close the school and leave the community. Anderson, being a brave and strong youth entered a most vigorous demur to this untoward proceedings on the part o the enemies to the education of the colored people. This "impudent" action on the part of this young Negro so enraged the Kuklux that they repaired to the residence of his father and demanded that he be turned over to the mob to which the senior Mr. Anderson objected. But these members of the "first families" of Georgia were determined to have the life of young Anderson who had defied them at the school house, and they insisted upon his being turned over to them. Young Anderson threw open the door, and holding in his hands an old musket, which he had picked up on the field at Chicamauga, fired upon the mob, wounding several of them, whereupon Mr. Anderson made his escape into Tennessee. Here he found work on a steamer plying the Tennessee river from 1871 to 1873.

At the end of which time he carried the hod at 75 cents per day at Chattanooga. Not satisfied with his surroundings at this place, he next found work as a corn husker in Kentucky at $1 per day, where he remained for a short time, after which he again took to the river, and went as a roustabout on board the "Robt. T. Mitchell," but he soon returned to his old home in Georgia to see his parents. The Kuklux hearing of his return, organized another mob to hang him. They came upon him masked and heavily armed and a spirited fight ensued between them. In this fight Anderson was again victorious, driving the enemy from the ground and making good his escape into Tennessee. In 1874 he entered the grocery store of Houston & Co., of Chattanooga, as a store porter, remaining at his post until 1879. During this time he was a voluntary member of the fire company. In the same year Houston & Co. moved to Kansas City, Mo., leaving Mr. Anderson behind. But so well pleased were they with his services that they soon sent for him. He responded to their offer, arriving in Kansas City, July 29th, 1879, his stock of cash being $2.75, and one suit of clothing. He remained with the Houston firm until 1885. He subsequently moved to Wyandotte, now Kansas City, Kas., where he took an active part in politics. In 1887 Hon. Thos. F. Hannon was elected Mayor of Wyandotte by the Knights of Labor. He appointed Mr. Anderson as one of the members of his police force, where he remained until the creation of the Metropolitan police by the State Legislature, when he was returned by the new board of police commissioners. Mr. Anderson proved himself a competent officer during the whole time he was employed as a policeman. In 1887 he resigned his position on the police force, and took a trip through several western States for his health. Returning he was appointed Deputy Constaple in which capacity he served about eight months. The Republican city convention nominated him for constable, and at the end of a spirited canvas he was triumphantly elected, and si to-day considered one of the best officers in the county.

Mr. Anderson has a beautiful home worth about $4,000, and also a happy family to make the sun shine in it. His wife is a courteous, careful and frugal lady, who loves her home and husband. The example of this vigorous and courageous man is worthy the emulation and study of our struggling young men.

D. H. B.

Leavenworth, Kas.

THEY STRUCK OIL.

Plumbers at work on the residence of Mrs. J. F. Platt, of Chicago, recently struck a rich vein of oil.

TAKE YOUR MEDICINE.

If the changing of the administration makes money so hard to get, then the Negroes of the South can do better without it.—The People's Friend.

"DO NOT FORGET ME."

President Harrison can not afford to forget the colored vote of Ohio. It is much larger, almost double the usual Republican majority in this State.—Cleveland Gazette.

GIVE US A LIVE MAN.

There have been fully a dozen Presidential appointments made by the present administration. All of them were white men except one, and that one a dead Negro.—Pine Bluff Hornet.

READ THE ANSWER IN THE STARS.

What has become of the aspirations of Editors Chase, of the Washington Bee, Cromwell, of the People's Advocate and John Mitchell, of the Richmond Planet, to hold office under President Harrison.—New York Age.

IT HAS THE PROPER RING.

Every camp meeting holder who goes into camp with arrangements with railroads to receive benefits from Sunday excursions, every camp meeting holder who sells out the right to men to run promiscuous shops on Sundays, every camp meeting holder who goes into the business evidently to secure money at the expense of morals should be brought to account in his annual conference.—Christian Recorder.

A COLORED DISCIPLE

Of Robert G. Ingersoll—He Writes a Letter.

The editor of The Freeman received the following letter the other day, and believing that the many readers of The Freeman would appreciate a change of mental diet, concluded to give it to them:

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Aug. 19, 1889.
Hon. Edward E. Cooper, Editor Plenipotentiary of The Indianapolis Freeman—Most Kind Sir and Independent Compatriot:

While writing a friendly letter last week to my beloved and devoted friend Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, of New York, a civilian friend here in Philadelphia saw the original letter, and asked me to give said letter to the press. At first I prevaricated and hesitated and halted between two opinions: One was: who would publish an independent Negro's writing? Another: was it fit for the press? However, herewith see a copy. I am,

Your Ebon Hued Compatriot,
DAVID S. CINCOSE.
No. 1039 South street.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Aug. 17, '89.
Col. Robert G. Ingersoll: Most Kind and Noble Philanthropist—Sir:

With Platonic philosophy thou hath philosophized Christendom, and with

THE COLORED INFIDEL.

Brutus' daring dexterity struck down the religious Caesars of to-day, and with Thomas Paine's mode of reasoning thou hasth necessarily made this age of ours a better Age of Reason. Whereby thou hasth like Brutus slain those Caesars above named, not with the gigantic Crupp gun, not with the mortar gun, not with the bomb shell, not with the shot gun, not with the musket, not with the rifle gun, not with the long sword, not with the short sword, not with the battling ax, not with the deadly dagger, not with the Indian blow gun, not with the blunderbuss, not with the bludgeon, not with the long spear, nor with the short spear, but with that eternal philosophical spear of question and deadly dagger of natural truisms. And after all, there is no Mark Antony but the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, whose orations is becoming almost as popular as those of the late slave President Jefferson Davis and his lost cause. In conclusion, good man, I am your devout diplomatist in the holy cause called infidelity.

Same Ebon Hued.
DAVID S. CINCOSE.
1039 South street.

A Plague of Tigers in Java.

London Times.

According to the administration report of Java, recently laid before the Dutch chambers, portions of that island are being depopulated through tigers. In 1882 the population of a village in the Southwest of the Bantam Province was removed and transferred to an island off the coast in consequence of the trouble caused to the people by tigers. These animals have become an intolerable pest in parts of the same province. The total population is about six hundred thousand, and in 1887 sixty-one were killed by tigers, and in consequence of the dread existing among the people it has been proposed to deport the inhabitants of the village most threatened to other parts of the country where tigers are not so common, and where they can pursue their agricultural occupations with a greater degree of security. At present they fear to go anywhere near the borders of the forest. The people at present seem disinclined, or they lack the means and courage, to attack and destroy their enemy, although considerable rewards are offered by the government for the destruction of beasts of prey. In 1888 the reward for killing a royal tiger was raised to 200 florins. It appears also that the immunity of the tiger is in part due to superstitions, for it is considered wrong to kill one unless he attacks first or otherwise does injury. Moreover, guns were always very rare in this particular district, and since a rising a few years ago have been taken away by the authorities altogether.

It now looks like Denny and Bowlus vs. Sullivan and Swift.

The colored voters of the 3d ward should rally to and elect Henry Sweetland, the colored candidate for council.

The Negro is slowly but surely cutting his "eyeteeth" politically, and the wisdom obtained through experience is the best after all.

G. L. Jones, a young man of education and ability, was made ward committeemen of the 3d ward last Tuesday evening. There is yet hope as long as such men are rewarded.

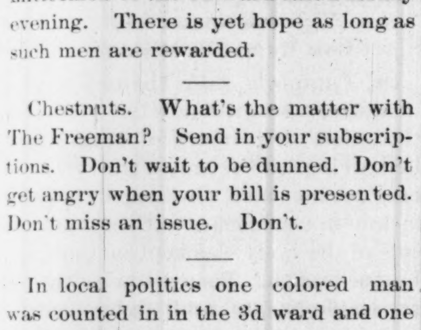
Chestnuts. What's the matter with The Freeman? Send in your subscriptions. Don't wait to be dunned. Don't get angry when your bill is presented. Don't miss an issue. Don't.

In local politics one colored man was counted in in the 3d ward and one counted out in the 4th ward, but he will be urged upon to vote the ticket "straight," which many of them will (not) do.

The contingent vote of Ohio is in a turmoil, and we opine there is trouble brewing for the G. O. P. With its 32,000 Negro voters, it has not received anything higher than a clerkship, Foraker will have to hump himself.

The administration works in "a mysterious way its wonders to perform." In giving places to colored men it has thus far confined itself to the South. Did the South contribute to Mr. Harrison's election? These things may be a little hard to explain away in the next campaign.

Civil service reform is not the genial angel it was wont to be hereabout. It was given out that the man who passed the examination would be appointed. It now transpires that the old time "log rolling" must be done, and genuine Republicanism established and vouchers secured, and characters vouchsafed and party services proven before an appointment can be made. It is not a howling success.



Mr. W. R. Davis, of Washington, is to appear in tragedy in Richmond, Va., Aug. 29, 30 and 31, supported by a colored company. I should like to see a company of colored artists on the stage. There is enough of our people to make up an excellent troupe provided they do not all want to be stars. Mr. Davis advertises: "This is the only combination of actors composed of colored people." This is a mistake. Why these kind of combinations are forming weekly throughout the country and lasting for a week. There is an organized troupe in this city with Mr. C. S. Turner as manager, with his own drama. Norfolk has a company. Philadelphia has one or two, and there are several others strewn throughout the country, but mostly of local prominence, and the only thing that is lacking is for some energetic man with capital, or a syndicate, to select people from all over the country, have them costumed well, advertise them well, and if there can not be a proper standard play found for them have one written. Of course I am perfectly aware that there are many who think such an idea absurd. So did they when the Fisk Jubilee Singers started out. We all know the result: the novelty paid. A few years ago Mr. S. K. Govern told friends, and intellectual ones at that, that he was going to have a base ball club to compete with any in the country. Why, he was laughed at by them. Says they: "Govern, you must remember that these professionals are paid, and that big money." "Why, that is just what I intend to do with my colored players is to pay them, and I tell you in a few years I will have a club that will be hard to be beaten by any." To-day the record of the Cuban Giants shows for itself. And so it will be with the drama as soon as the right parties take hold and push it along. We hope to hear of this step being taken soon.

The New York Clipper, of last week, noted the death of Big Laura Woolford at Lafayette, Ind., on Aug. 9. She was 34 years old, weighed 904½ pounds and was supposed to be the largest woman living.

The London Fisk Jubilee Singers sent $350 to the Johnstown sufferers. They are now in India.

Mr. Richard Marks, the bass singer, is at present at Saratoga, singing at hotels and is doing well.

Big Eliza and Col. Nelson Pickett. 21 years old, standing 8 feet 7½ inches, will appear at Worth's Palace Museum, New York, this week.

The Hampton Students will take a trip west this fall. TRAGE.

COLORED CONTRACTORS.

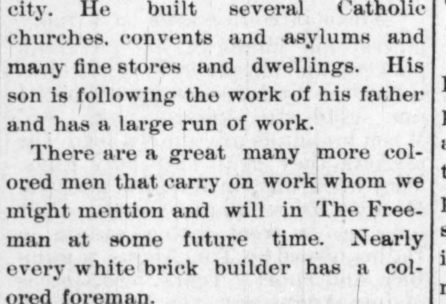
Skilled Workman of the Crescent City.

New Orleans Special to The Freeman

I can safely assert that New Orleans has a greater number of skilled colored workman than any city in the Union. For instance the bricklayers, nine-tenths are colored men and there are a large number of boss colored builders, prominent among whom is Capt. Peter Joseph who has put up some very fine buildings in this city, the last two being the brickwork on the Crescent City Brewery and the Independent Cotton-seed Oil Mill. The former is located on the corner of Canal and Claiborne streets and is considered one of the finest structors in the city. There was 2,900,000. bricks consumed in its construction. The latter consuming 700,000 bricks. Mr. Manuel Martinez, Sr., who has put up some of the finest buildings in the city, does all brickwork for the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, and is now building a large sugar refinery seven stories high. There is also Mr. Earnest Urso, who has also constructed large buildings, among them Hernsheems cigar factory the largest in the city. Also Mr. M. Garcia who has done a large amount of work here for years, he superintended the construction of the French Opera which was no small job. Next is Mr. Henry Hill who has put up many fine buildings here, his last two being Christ's Church Chapel and the Baldwin building an the corner of Camy and Common streets, the latter being the largest hardware establishment in the city. Mr. Theogine Bonnot does a great deal of work in the Crescent City, his last being the McGinnis warehouses corner Julia and Tchonpitioulas streets. Also Mr. Mallite and Mr. Manuel Guenier who has a large run of work. Mr. Frank Lapierre, Mr. Eugene Lavigne Lapierre, Sr., had no equal in this city. He built several Catholic churches, convents and asylums and many fine stores and dwellings. His son is following the work of his father and has a large run of work.

There are a great many more colored men that carry on work whom we might mention and will in The Freeman at some future time. Nearly every white brick builder has a colored foreman.

W. H. W.



Colored men of Jericho, Ark., own. manage and operate a brick yard.

Ed. H. D. Bowman, of Bowling Green, Ky., has been appointed storekeeper and guager.

Mr. Alonzo Prime, of Syracuse, N. Y., became insane while attending love-feast Sunday, Aug. 11.

Charles Turner of Stockton, Cal., who fought to a finish for a purse of $800 with Paddy Gorman of Australia, won the fight in eight rounds.

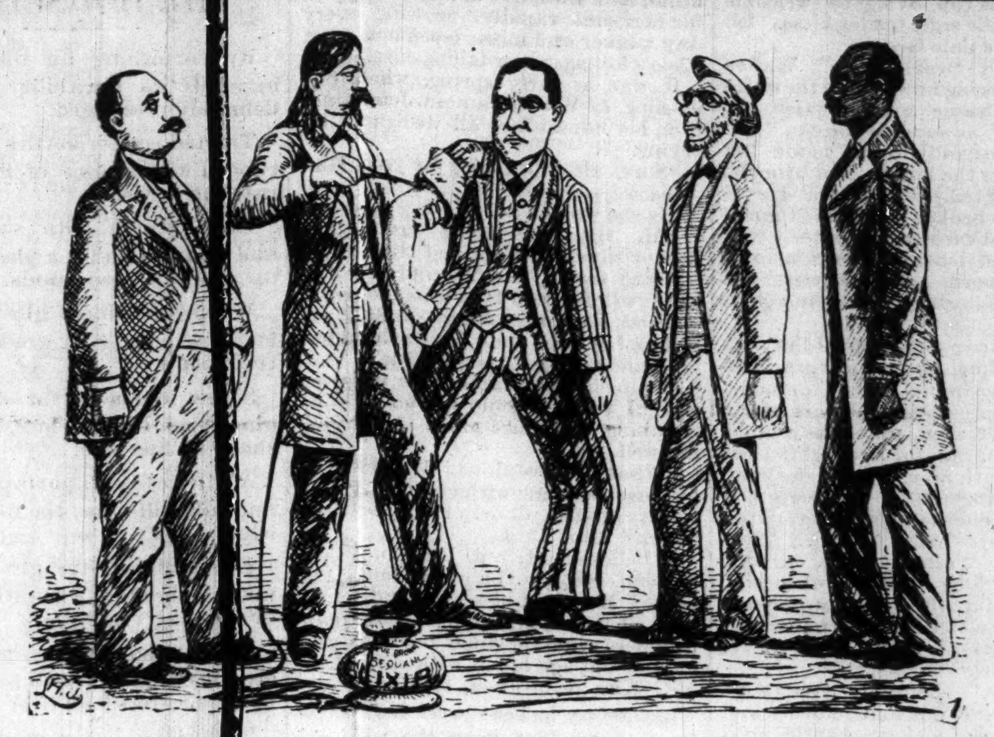
Philadelphia, too, it seems is winning laurels for herself in discriminating against colorod people. The Lausdowne Land Co., is the latest to draw the color line.

Mr. E. R. Bagby, who has held a place in the pension department at Washington, D. C., has resigned, and will open a pension office in that city. Many others of the many well educated young men would do well to follow his example.

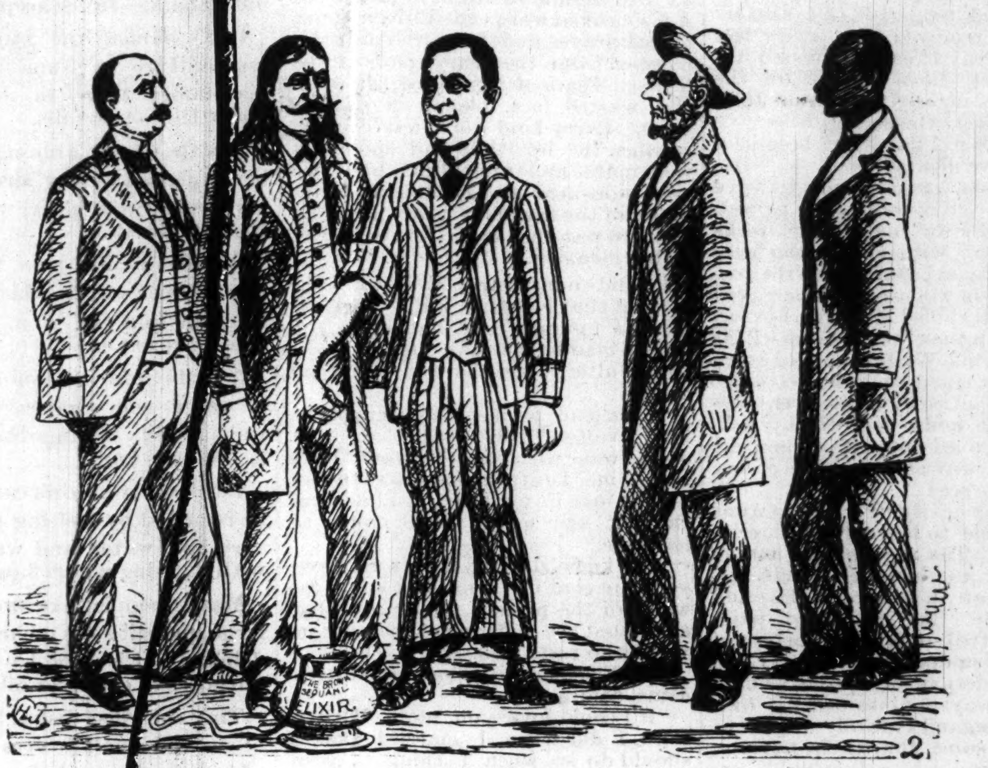
Collector N. W. Cuney, took charge of his office August 17th, his bond having been returned duley approved. He will take into office with him Dr. George M. Patton as deputy, succeeding R. A. Burney; J. Cuney as chief clerk, succeeding J. S. Wren; Maurice Gross as cashier, succeeding T. P. Whitney; Dd. Davis as marine clerk, succeeding T. C. Ayers. Mr. Cuney says "there are several vacancies," "which I will probably fill on taking hold to-day. These are inspectors and deputy collectors at Sabine Pass."

The Little Rock Press saps: Little Rock has a colored citizen whose property is worth $100,000. It also has another colored citizen who came to the city a dozen years ago worth comparatively nothing—to-day he owns several houses and lots, and his wealth is estimated at $35,000. The last named is a contractor and plasterer, and moved from Illinois to Arkansas. That colored man can do better in Arknsas than in any other State in the Union, when attending to business as white men do is an undeniable fact.

Money is valuable only for the privileges it can buy. What's the use of $100,000 when you cant enter a restaurant or theatre and are liable to be shot for your opinion. A lodge in a desert wilderness is preferable.



BEFORE USING.



AFTER USING.

THE BROWN-SEQUARD ELIXIR.

The latest fad is the Dr. Brown-Sequard elixir, and it was tried recently on a man who was too bow-legged to stop a hog in an alley. Here is the result of the experiment:

A Hopeless Invalid.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Telegram reports that the Hon. George H. Pendleton, formerly minister to Germany is a hopeless invalid. He is now traveling with his daughters about the health resorts of Europe, and hopes to return to America this fall, but he will never again appear in public life. His friends reluctantly confess that he is threatened with softening of the brain. His daughters are devoting themselves to him constantly, and he has to be watched and cared for by an attendant who is obliged to be with him at all times. His decline is due to the shock given him by the death of his wife, who was killed in a runaway accident in this country while he was abroad.

Tied to the Mast.

David Kerr in Harper's Young People.

"Tell us a story, papa," chorused half a dozen voices. "We must have a story."

"Oh you've heard all my yarns already," answered Captain Martingale, laughing. "If you want a story this gentleman will tell you one."

"This gentleman" was a tall, broad-chested man, with a thick black beard which was fast turning gray, who had come in just before dinner and had been warmly welcomed by the Captain. A very grim fellow he looked as he sat in the great oaken chair, with the fire-light playing fitfully on his dark, bearded, weather-beaten face.

"Am I to tell you a story?" asked the visitor, in a deep, hoarse voice, quite as piratical as his appearance. "Well, then, listen: There was once a poor boy, who had no father or mother, no friends and no home, except the wet, dirty forecastle of a trading schooner. He had to go about barefoot in the cold and rain, with nothing on but an old ragged flannel shirt and a pair of sail-cloth trousers; and instead of landing on beautiful islands and digging up buried treasures, and having a good time all round, like the folks in the story-books, he got kicked and cuffed from morning till night, and sometimes had a sound thrashing with a rope's end into the bargain. All the sailors were very rough and ugly to him, but the worst of all was the captain himself. He had been badly treated himself when he was a boy, and so (as some men will) he took a delight in ill-treating somebody else in the same way. Many a time did he send the poor little fellow aloft when the ship was rolling and the wind blowing hard, and more than once he beat him so cruelly that the poor lad almost fainted with the pain."

"Wicked wretch!" cried Bob, indignantly. "I hope he got drowned or eaten up by savages."

"Or taken for a slave himself, and well thrashed every day," suggested Dick.

"Oh no, Bob," said little Helen, who was sitting on a low stool at her father's feet; "I hope he was sorry for being so cruel, and got very good."

The strange guest stopped and lifted the little girl into his lap and kissed her. Helen nestled closer to him and looked wonderingly up in his face, for, as he bent his head toward her, something touched her forehead in the darkness that felt very much like a tear.

"Well," resumed the speaker, after a short pause, "the schonner, heading eastward across the Indian Ocean, came at last among the Maldive Isles, where it's always very dangerous sailing. The coral islands, which lie in great rings or 'atolls' all around, like so many strings of beads, are so low and flat that even in the daytime it's not easy to avoid running aground upon them; but at night you might as well try to walk through a room full of stools without tumbling over one of them.

"Of course the captain had to be always on deck looking out, and that didn't make his temper any the sweeter, as you may think. So that every evening, when the cabin boy had displeased him in some way, what does he do but tell the men to sling him up into the rigging and tie him hand and foot to a mast.

But the cowards were soon paid for their cruelty. They were so busy tormenting the poor lad that none of them had noticed how the sky was darkening to windward; and all at once a squall came down upon them as suddenly as a cut of a whip. In a moment the sea all round was like a boiling pot, and crash went the ship over on her side, and both the masts went by the board (fell down into the sea, that is,) carrying the boy with them.

It was just as well for poor Harry that he had been tied to the mast, otherwise the sea would have swept him away like a straw. Even as it was, he was almost stifled by the bursting of the waves over his head He was still peering into the darkness to try if he could see anything of the ship, when there came a tremendous crash and a terrible cry, and then dead silence. The vessel had been dashed upon a coral reef and stove in, and the sea, breaking over, had swept away every man on board.

"But storms in those parts pass away as quickly as they come; and it was not long before the sea began to go down, the clouds rolled away, and the moon broke forth in all its glory. Then Harry, finding that the rope which tied his arms had been a good deal strained by the shock that carried away the mast, managed to free one hand and unbind the other arm and his feet. Just then a face rose from the water within a few yards of him, and Harry recognized his enemy, the cruel captain.

"There he was, the man who had abused, starved and beaten him, dying, or just about to die, almost within reach of safety. Though barely twice his own length divided him from the floating man, so strong was the eddy against which the captain was battling in vain that he had no more chance of reaching it than if it had been a mile away. A few moments more, and he would have sunk, never to rise again; but the sight of that white, ghastly face, and those wild, despairing eyes, was too much for Harry. He flung out the rope that he held; the Captain clutched it, and in another minute was safe on the mast, rescued by the boy he had been so cruel to."

"O—oh!" said Bob, drawing a long breath.

"I'm so glad!" piped Helen's tiny voice. "I was so afraid he would let the poor Captain drown."

"About sunrise," continued the guest, "some natives who were out fishing in a small boat caught sight of them and came to the rescue. The Maldive Islanders are much better fellows than the Malays, farther east, and they took good care of them both for a month or so, till at last an outward-bound English brig that had been blown out of her course touched at the island where they were, and took them off."

"And what happened to them after that?" asked all the children at once.

"The little cabin boy," answered the story-teller "became as smart a seaman as ever walked a deck, and got the command of a fine ship by-and-by; and now," (laying his hand upon their father's shoulder) "here he sits."

"Papa! cried the amazed children, "were you the poor little boy?"

"But what became of the poor Captain who was so cruel?" asked little Helen, wistfully.

"Why, here he sits," said her father, grasping the story-teller's hand, "and he's the best friend I have in the world."

A Gentlemanly Robber.

Now that the days of your romantic stage robber and Western hold-up are gone and almost forgotten, except in the romance which some interesting but fanciful writer has seen fit to cast around the hardest and most exacting of accupations, it may be interesting to recall the advent of one of the most highly educated and gentlemanly robbers who ever got the drop on the unsuspecting driver of a Western four-in-hand.

In 1876 Charles E. Bolles deserted his wife and children in a little town in Southwestern Missouri and went over the Rocky Mountains with the eager flood of farmers and mechanics who had left the plough and work-bench to engage in the fascinating but elusive game of hide and seek with the gold diggings.

Bolles was after gold, too, but he did not believe in digging for it. He was a clever, well educated fellow, but the fact that the money in his belt belonged originally to his deserted wife would hardly serve to raise him in the estimation of any one who admired his talents as well as his coolness and nerve.

After Bolles crossed the divide he was, for the time being, lost to sight. But he did not permit his candle to flicker under a bushel very long, for on August 3, 1887, as big Jack Holmes, the driver of the regular mail coach from Fort Ross to the Russian River, California, swung his leaders around the sharp curve of a bluff in the Sierras, the figure of a man, grotesquely attired in jute bags and linen duster, with a white linen flour sack over the head, arranged so that sight was possible out of two holes cut at a convenient distance apart, stepped from behind a convenient bowlder and presented a double-barrelled shot-gun with the danger end pointing at Jack said, in the most pleasant and polite manner possible:

"Will you be kind enough to throw out the box and mail bags."

The "box" referred to was Wells, Fargo & Co.'s shipment of treasure.

Jack was kind enough to do as requested without further parley and finally when asked in the same polite and urbane manner if he wouldn't please drive on, obeyed with alacrity, as any far-sighted and experienced Western man would.

The sheriff of the county was notified, and with a posse went back to where the box lay. It had been broken and rifled, and all that the strange robber had left was a bit of doggerel which read:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
To wait the coming morrow;
Perhaps success, perhaps defeat,
Or everlasting sorrow.
Let come what will, I'll try it on,
My condition can't be worse,
And if there's money in the box,
'Tis money in my purse.

The lines were written on the back of a way-bill belonging to the express company, and at the bottom was the signature: "Black Bart, the Po 8."

"Black Bart" was the E. Bolles of Missouri, and while the other fellows were breaking their back at the washings and diggings, he was making a barrel of money by cracking the treasure boxes of Wells, Fargo & Co. After he had succeeded twenty-three times he was arrested in San Francisco, where he had been living as a gentleman should, by means of a laundry mark on a cuff which he had left near the scene of one of his robberies. Among his effects was found his family Bible with numerous marginal notes which he had made from time to time.

On the 17th of November, 1883, Bolles was sentenced to six years' imprisonment, and was immediately taken to the famous old jail at San Quentin to serve out his time, his captors reaping an accumulated reward of $18,400.

He was discharged from San Quentin on New Year's Day, 1888, and promised to reform. He had been a model prisoner and spent six years of confinement with profit to himself, for he became an expert chemist.

Some months after his release I met him in Denver, Colorado, and while still a powerful man physicially, he was aging fast, and his hair, mustache and imperial were plentifully frosted with the white of advancing age.

A Belgium Canal.

A canal has just been constructed in Belgium in which, instead of locks, the boats are hoisted by elevators from one level to another. The canal extends from the coal region in the interior of Belgium to Brussels, crossing several other canals at the same grade, so that Belgian coal can be brought directly by boat to Paris, as well as the principal towns in Belgium and Holland. As the line passes over a rather hilly country, vorious ascents and descents must be made, and to save the long delays incidental to passing the locks, the change of grade is made by means of hydraulic elevators. The boats, which measure about seventy tons, are towed at the low level into an immense tank, with gates, which is submerged in the canal. The gates are then closed, and the tank, which rests on the pistons of the huge hydraulic elevator, is raised to the upper level, when connection is made with the next section of the canal by means of double gates, and the boat proceeds on its way.—Fire and Water.

The boy who goes barefooted has many a bootless chase.

MY SAINT.

She does not smile from canvas rare,
Transfigured by some master old,
Nor held in niche, or alcove stand,
Revealed in stone or precious gold.
She has no shrine where tapers burn,
And in her name no prayer ascend;
No weary pilgrims come from far
Before her altar-fires to bend.
And yet of all the blessed names
That vellumed page or bard hath told,
That live in Raphael's matchless art,
Or sculptured marble, pure and cold,
I hold my unanointed saint
The noblest, dearest, of them all.
About her path a radiance glows—
From out her hands rich blessings fall;
The poor and lowly kiss her feet,
The hungry cluster round her door;
The stricken and the desolate
Forget their griefs and mourn no more.
And somewhere in that deathless land,
For which our weary spirits faint,
Beside the King—I know that I
Shall find—anointed, crowned, My Saint!

—HELEN CHASE.

Unfortunate Investment.

"Elsie!"

Walter Hartman's tone of sorrowful amazement made his young wife spring hastily to her feet. She had not heard him come in, and was kneeling beside a great arm-chair, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Oh, Walter!" she said, "Aunt Julia ——" and a fresh burst of sobs interrupted her.

Walter's face cleared. It was not sorrow of her own, then, that overwhelmed this pretty, blue-eyed darling he had married six months before.

"Well, Elsie," he said, taking her in his arms and caressing her, "what about Aunt Julia? Do not sob so, dear; you will make yourself ill."

"The fire!" said Elsie, keeping her sobs somewhat under control. "You know I was very much worried when I heard of it, for I could not tell by the papers whether Aunt Julia's house was in the burnt district or not."

For the great Chicago fire was not a week old, and the whole country watched for news.

"Well, dear," said Walter, kindly.

"It is as bad as it can be Walter. Aunt Julia writes to me that her house was totally destroyed, her very clothing burned up, and her insurance papers not entirely made out. She is absolutely without anything in the world except the clothes she had on. Actually fed by charity. Oh, Walter!"

Here the sobs came again thick and fast, and Walter could offer no comfort but such as was conveyed by silent caresses. After a time these were so far effectual that Elsie could speak more calmly.

"Now, little one," Walter said, "tell me why this troubles you so sorely? Do you love your aunt so very dearly?"

"She had been everything a mother could be to me since my parents died, Walter. But while I was with her we were very poor. Out of her own scanty means she fed, clothed and educated me until I took the situation of nursery governess to your aunt's children, and married you. But just before we were married, an old friend of Aunt Julia's died in Chicago, and left her ten thousand dollars. When she went to claim her legacy, she saw the house she purchased, and liked it so much she bought it, her legacy covering the expense of house, lot and furniture, while her own little income would support her. But, unfortunately, she was persuaded to draw out her tiny fortune and invest it in two lots adjoining her house. Now everything is swept away."

"She took care of you when you were a child?"

"For seventeen years, Walter, denying herself to feed and clothe me."

Walter did not speak again for many minutes, holding Elsie close in his arms. At last he said, very gravely:

"If I were a rich man, Elsie, I would not stop to think in a case like this, but say at once 'Bring your aunt here.' But you know, little wife, my salary, though sufficient for all our wants, with a margin for pleasure and saving a nest-egg, is not yet large. If I invite your aunt here, the difference of expense must fall most heavily upon you, because I cannot give you many pleasures you enjoy if I have one more to support. Concerts and jewelry, little gifts and pleasures, will be beyond our means then. But if you will be happier knowing your aunt has a home, I will go myself to Chicago and bring her here."

"Oh, Walter, how kind, how generous you are! I will never be able to thank you."

"Then I am to go. All right. I will get a leave of absence to-morrow. In the meantime I will telegraph your aunt to meet me at the depot, if she has sent any address."

"The address is the lawyers' who arranged her legacy for her, and who did not live in the burnt district, Morse & Hunter."

A few days later, as fast as steam would carry Walter to Chicago and back, Elsie was waiting to welcome the travelers. A telegram had informed her that Walter had found Julia waiting at the depot and by what train to expect him home. The only spare room in the pretty little house at Harlem, where Walter had brought his bride, was in dainty order. Jennie, the servant, was cooking the choicest supper Elsie could devise, and the little wife herself, neatly dressed, was running to the door every minute watching for the carriage.

It came at last, and Walter handed out a lady. Poor Elsie felt fairly sick, as the guest tottered, rather than walked, into the room. She was white as ashes, her hair, Elsie remembered black as a coal not one year before, streaked with gray, and her eyes sunken as if with long illness. When the water-proof cloak fell from her shoulders, her shabby dress was most unlike Aunt Julia's habitual neatness. But, the first shock of surprise over, Elsie had no words too loving to welcome her aunt, while soft, tender kisses fell fast upon the pale face.

"She is very tired, Elsie," Walter whispered, seeing how vainly the white lips tried to frame words. "Get her to rest, dear, as soon as you can."

So Elsie, tearfully loving, made her aunt lie upon the lounge, and brought her the most tempting of tea trays, stopping the broken words of thanks by kisses and caresses. Walter, too, by a hundred delicate attentions and few spoken words made the guest feel that she was most cordially and gladly welcome.

In her own room Aunt Julia told Elsie something of the horrors that had aged her more in one fortnight than in any previous two years of her life. She had slept upon the ground in a drenching rain for two nights, then in a tent with no change of clothing, and the memory of the fire terrors to haunt her. She had begged the paper and stamp to write to Elsie. Then she told of Walter's tender care for her in the long journey, when she, racked by pain, often could not speak for hours, how like a son he had cared for her comfort. It was a sad story, and Elsie's tears fell fast.

"But now," she said, "you are at home. I have put underclothes and loose wrappers in here, Auntie, until we can have some dresses fitted. Let me undress you now."

Gently and tenderly the shabby clothes was removed, the weary feet bathed, the gray streaked hair smoothed, and snowy linen put on for the night. Then, utterly tired, Aunt Julia sank in the bed, whispering:

"Think, Elsie, I have not been in a bed for twelve nights!"

But alas, she was not soon to leave it. The haven of rest once gained, Aunt Julia lay for many long weeks dangerously ill with rheumatic fever brought on by exposure, while the tortured brain, in wildest delirium, raved of scenes that chilled Elsie with horror.

All through these weary weeks Elsie was nurse, while Walter supplied every delicacy that could be found to tempt the invalid, patiently endured the discomforts of a house haunted by sickness, and proved himself, Jennie declared, "the nearest to an angel of any man ever she seed."

Winter was nearly over before Aunt Julia was able to leave her bed, crippled for life. The rheumatism had so twisted the joints of her hands, legs and feet, that they were useless and most of the time intensely painful. She fretted over the prospect of being a burden upon Walter and Elsie, with all the despair of a proud woman who had always maintained her own independence, and tearfully begged to be sent to some charitable asylum, where she would be only a public expense. Elsie told Walter of this wish, and he went to Aunt Julia's room.

Taking the crippled, helpless hands in his own, holding them very tenderly, he said:

"Aunt Julia, Elsie has told me how hard these little hands worked for her for seventeen long years. I love Elsie so dearly that to grieve her is my greatest sorrow. Do you think I could bear to see her pained if her second mother was sick and alone, nursed by hired hands while we are able and willing to give her love and care? Do not speak again of leaving us. I have not seen Elsie's face so sad as it is to-night since you came to us."

"But, Walter, I may live for years."

"I sincerely hope you will."

"And I can never have any use of my hands and feet more than I have now. I can scarcely feed myself or hobble across the room."

The more reason you should have loving care. Why," and Walter laughed while his honest brown eyes proved his sincerity, "do you think all the love here is Elsie's. I want my share too, auntie, for I love you as I do my life. I ask you to stay because I want you here. I have not heard Elsie sigh over long, long days since you came."

It took many more loving arguments but at last Aunt Julia yielded. It was but truth that Walter spoke when he said she had won his love as well as Elsie's. She was very patient under excruciating suffering, and very grateful for all the loving care lavished upon her. When the pain subsided and she could talk, she was charming company, well read and full of pleasant memories and bright observation.

While she felt herself a burden. Walter and Elsie regarded her as a blessing. Walter no longer worried at leaving Elsie alone all day, while he was at his business, and Elsie never tired of Aunt Julia, whose experience proved very valuable to the little housekeeper.

But month after month there was a scarcely perceptible failing of strength in the sorely tired body, long past youthful vigor. The rheumatic fever had left heart trouble, and distressing spells of suffocation and palpitation often threatened the invalid's life. Always patient, she yet often prayed for death to end her suffering, while Elsie prayed only that the dear life might be spared.

She had been Walter Hartman's guest for two years, when her weakness increased to an alarming extent, rapidly and certainly, till she could not leave her bed. It was while she was herself conscious that the end of her suffering was approaching that she received a letter from her lawyer in Chicago informing her that he had received an offer of twenty thousand dollars for the lots of land she owned in that city.

She had looked upon her own beggary as so absolutely certain that at first she could scarcely credit the news; but Walter, in whose hands she placed the business, soon proved the offer no dream by accepting the terms and informing Aunt Julia the money lay in the bank in her name.

"Now, you can ride in your carriage when you are well," Elsie said, smiling but tearful. "I am so glad auntie. You will have something now for your old age."

"But no old age, Elsie," was the glad reply. "I am glad, too, darling, very glad, but not for that."

By her own request a lawyer came and wrote her will. and then Aunt Julia, as if the cares of life was ended for her, sank rapidly, growing every day weaker and more dependent upon Elsie's loving, never-failing care.

It was in early spring, when, one evening, as Walter came in, Jennie met him, her honest face all disfigured by crying.

"Sure, sir, it's asking for you, Miss Julia is."

"Is she worse?"

"Ah, sir, she's going fast. The doctor says she'll not last the night."

Going fast. Walter could see the girl's words were true when he softly entered the room where Aunt Julia rested, her head upon Elsie's shoulder, her hands clasped fast in Elsie's.

"I am glad you came," she whispered. "I think I could not go without thanking you once more and saying farewell."

"What I have done," Walter said, his heart swelling with emotion, "was gladly, lovingly done. I do not need thanks, Aunt Julia."

"I believe that, but I am not less grateful, because you gave from a full heart. May God bless you and yours. May what you have done for a "poor penniless woman come back to you in your old age laden with her blessing. Kiss me farewell, Walter."

Reverently he bent over her, pressing a loving kiss upon the withered lips, while tears that were no shame to his manhood stood in his eyes. A few broken words to Elsie, a murmured prayer, and the gentle spirit was released from the weary, pain-racked frame. Tears of true love fell upon the wasted face, placid in death's sleep. Every kind word was cherished when the lips that had spoken it were mute, and Aunt Julia had two true mourners at her funeral, while many of the friends of years gone by came to pay the last tribute of respect to her memory.

It did not surprise Elsie when she learned that her Aunt Julia had left her the fortune that had come too late to gladden her own life. But she told Walter, when the will was read to her.

"I am glad we never thought of the land, Walter, in the years that Aunt Julia was with us. It would have made me hesitate often to show her all the love in my heart, if I had ever thought she would have money to leave me."

"She knew, darling, it was all love, yet I am glad my Elsie has some reward for the patient, tender care that alleviated the suffering of the poor invalid who rests at last."

And Elsie, nestling close in Walter's arms, said softly.

"I could love you more, Walter, than I did when I married you, I should do so when I think of your kindness and generosity to Aunt Julia."

"It was odd," Walter said, "that the money that Aunt Julia invested in Chicago should be actually doubled, for I have seen her weep often when she spoke of her "unfortunate investment" of her friend's legacy.

"Ditto."

There were three or four unoccupied seats in the car, but he stood for a moment, grip in hand, near the door, and then walked to a seat in which a young lady sat alone and sat down beside her with an impudence that astounded all the other passengers. The girl looked up at him and around the car, and evidently realized the situation, for she took pencil and tablet from her reticule and made ready for him. After about five minutes the man turned to her and observed:

"Beg pardon if I am mistaken, but don't you live at Utica?"

She looked up in a furtive way, and then wrote on the tablet and handed him:

"I am deaf and dumb."

"Ah, by George!" he sighed, as he read it, "that's too, too bad. Deuced pretty girl to have such a misfortune. Well, I'm left, after all my smartness. Saw her at the window before I got on, and carried out the plan to a dot. Deaf and dumb, eh? First one I ever struck."

He nodded his head to her to signify that he understood, and he would have been glad to change seats if he could have done so without loss of dignity. As the train thundered on he perused the contents of a couple of newspapers, yawned awhile, and then bought and finished a novel; and finally, after a ride of four mortal hours, the whistle blew, and he reached for his grip with the remark:

"I'll be hanged if I ain't glad this stupid ride has come to an end at last!"

"Ditto," quietly replied the girl as she turned on him.

"You—you—!" he gasped, as he stood there looking down upon her with twelve kinds of emotion galloping over his countenance.

"Good-bye," she said, and he backed out and dropped to the platform like a man retreating from a mule's hind legs.—N. Y. Sun.

A Tale of 1790.

Chicago American.

About 1790 two gentlemen, D. and L., stood candidates for a seat in the Legislature of New York. They were violently opposed to each other. By some artifice D. gained the election. When he was returning home, much elated with success, he met a gentleman (sic), an acquaintance of his. "Well," says D. "I have got the election. L. was no match for me. I'll tell you how I flung him. If there happened any Dutch voters, I could talk Dutch with them, and there I had the advantage of him. If there were any Frenchmen, I could talk French, and there I had the advantage of him. But, as to L., he was a clever, honest, sensible little fellow." "Yes, sir," replied the gentleman, "and there he had the advantage of you.

THE HOUSEHOLD

By varnishing an oilcloth semi-annually its durability will be indefinitely prolonged.

Tin and copper kettles will shine if rubbed with a piece of flannel saturated in kerosene.

Make starch with soapy water, and you will find it a pleasure to do up your starched goods.

When tan-colored gloves go out of fashion, pale gray-green will take their place.

Straw bonnets for summer are almost as soft as lace, and held in shape by fine wire.

A salve of equal parts of tar, tallow and salt will cure the worst case of felon.

Economize strength by sitting upon a big stool when wiping dishes or dressing vegetables.

A very handsome new summer stuff is China silk with a small raised figure scattered all over it.

The printed letters may be removed from flour sacks by soaking them in buttermilk.—Housekeeper.

Don't banish the stoves. A low temperature in June causes more discomfort than in January and many times more ills.

A little mason's bluing, which may be purchased at any drug store, will give a desirable pearl white tint to the whitewash.

Bonnet strings are tiny pipings like milliner's folds, which pass under the chin and end in a rosette just below the left ear.

A half-cupful of ammonia to a pail of water will cleanse hard-finished walls nicely. Change the water when it becomes foul.

Paint on windows can, it is said, be removed by melting some soda in very hot water, and washing them with it, using a soft flannel.

Many people take sweet cream in large quantities as a cure for nervous debility. It is said to serve all the purposes of cod liver oil.

Tiny cut-glass dishes for bon-bons, olives and small flowers come in sets of four; in shape, the heart, diamond, spade and club of a card suit.

White and willow green is an ideal mixture for the wear of fair young girls with roseleaf complexions.

The bodice which has one side glittering with jet and the other side quite plain is more popular than ever.

When potters' ware is boiled for the purpose of hardening it, a handful or two of bran should be thrown into the water, and the glazing will never be injured by acids or salt.

A pretty fancy seen upon a low, black lace gown was straps of fine openwork jet, passed over and under the arm, and seeming to hold the face folds in place.

Mousseline de soie is a favorite fabric for graduating dresses, and will also be used for summer-resort toilets and bridesmaids' gowns. Paris modistes use it for parts of youthful bridal dresses over white-silk slips.

Flannel wrung from hot water and applied to the neck and chest of a child suffering from croup will usually afford relief. The clothes can be heated in a steamer and the discomfort of wringing from hot water avoided.

All poultices should be spread between two pieces of old, soft linen. and covered over with a layer of oiled silk. Never let the substance of the poultice come in contact with the skin, or allow it to get cold or hard.

To polish slate floors, use a smooth, flat piece of pumice-stone, then polish with rotten-stone. Washing well with soap and water is usually enough to keep the slates clean, but by adopting the above method, not only does the slate become polished, but any stains are taken out.

An Albany physician who "never knew a case of cancer among Hebrews" thinks their exemption due to abstinence from pork. But they take special precautions against all disease in all meats admitted to their bill of fare.

It is said that if lamp chimneys, tumblers, or other glass dishes are placed in cold water, with a half cup of table salt to each quart of water, which is brought slowly to a boil and boiled a half hour, then allowed to cool in the water, they will resist any sudden changes of temperature without cracking.

As an antidote for a consumptive tendency, it is claimed that cream acts like a charm, and serves all the purposes intended to be served by cod liver oil, with much greater certaintly and effect. Besides persons consumptively inclined, those with feeble digestion, aged people and those inclined to chilliness and cold extremities, are especially benefited by a liberal use of sweet cream.

To clean lace fill a bottle with cold water; draw a stocking tightly over it, securing both ends firmly. Place the lace smoothly over the stocking and tack closely. Put the bottle in a kettle of cold water containing a few shavings of soap, and place over the fire to boil. Rinse in several waters and then drain and dry. When dry remove and place smoothly in a large book and press with weights. Very nice lace can be made to look like new by this process.

Good Housekeeping gives the following: "An old nurse who was considered wise in her day told me that an unfailing relief for croup was to place the child's feet in hot water, apply hot flannels to the chest and give the following mixture until vomiting was produced; one tablespoonful of powdered alum dissolved in half a teacupful of hot water and sweetened well with molasses. In membraneous croup put kettles of water on the stove producing all the steam possible, by inserting a tunnel in the nose of the teakettle and removing the cover, put the feet in hot water giving ipecac syrup or the above mixture, and hastening vomiting by placing hot tobacco leaves on the stomach, being careful not to leave them on too long.

A Ghost Tolled the Bells.

Before the earthquake shook it down, the old guard house or police station was just across the street, in front of the church. Every night for years an old policeman, who had grown old and decrepit in the service of his country and lastly of his city, kept watch at the door. He had seen many strange sights, and he always said that the strangest he had ever seen was the dead man ringing the chimes from the belfry of old St. Michael's. He had seen the shrouded figure, time and again, climb up to the bells, and, not touching the ropes, which had been pulled so often by living hands, swing the heavy iron tongues against the sides of the bells and clash out a fearful melody which thrilled while it horrified the listener.

He would tell you, if you cared to listen to his story, how the ghost had been murdered, for in its normal state it had been murdered by the thrust of an Italian stiletto in Elliot street. The spirit was "to walk the earth," "revisit the glimpses of the moon." ring the old chimes, and do other horrible things, until the murderer was captured.

A few minutes before midnight the old watchman would see this spectral chimer enter the church doors, forgetting to open them, swiftly and in a ghostly way glide up the steps of the winding stair, pause under the bells by the ropes where Gladsden rings them, pass swiftly on without touching them, climb on into the gloomy belfry and stop beneath the open mouths of the bells. They yawned down upon it, as if striving to swallow up the restless spirit. Suddenly, as if the inspiration had come, the shrouded hand would move silently and rapidly from iron tongue, and the wild eidritch music would swell the air.—Atlanta Journal.

Pistols in His Pants.

"Frank James, the brother of the dead outlaw Jesse James, is afflicted with consumption, and it is only a question of time until he dies," said Charley Buckthorn, a traveling man.

"I have just returned from Dallas, Texas, where I met Frank. The strain upon him must be something terrible as he is ever upon the alert, not knowing at what time or from what direction trouble may come to him. He told me that he trusted no man living.

"When introduced, he invariably places his hands in his pataloon pockets, and simply bowing, acknowledges the introduction by saying: 'I am glad to know you, sir.' When his hands are shoved into the pockets they grab two ugly guns. They are always in his pants pockets. His eyes are small and piercing. Not long ago he went into a saloon in Dallas, owned by Tom Angus, a gambler and sport. Years ago, James claims, Angus gave the James gang away to the police. James, with his hands in his pockets, walked up to Angus, and such a scoring I never heard in my life. and all the time Frank James' eyes fairly glittered like a cat. He watched every move of the man and Angus weakened, and I did not blame him, either."

This May Be True.

Scranton (Pa.) Correspondence.

While farmer Solomon Titsworth was sowing grain in Tunkhannock township on a cloudy afternoon last month, a flock of 200 or 300 pigeons began to gobble up his grain at a rate that he didn't like at all. Farmer Titsworth couldn't scare them away. As fast as he drove them from one part of the lot they flew to another, and picked up his grain as if they hadn't any food for two or three days. Then the farmer got a beech gad and set to beating the hungry birds, but they were too hungry for him, even though he had killed a dozen or so. The hunger of the pigeons overcame their fear, and they stayed in the field until they had filled their crops, when they rose in a body and sailed away toward the north.

A Plague of Tigers in Java.

London Times.

According to the administration report of Java, recently laid before the Dutch chambers, portions of that island are being depopulated through tigers. In 1882 the population of a village in the Southwest of the Bantam Province was removed and transferred to an island off the coast in consequence of the trouble caused to the people by tigers. These animals have become an intolerable pest in parts of the same province. The total population is about six hundred thousand, and in 1887 sixty-one were killed by tigers, and in consequence of the dread existing among the people it has been proposed to deport the inhabitants of the village most threatened to other parts of the country where tigers are not so common, and where they can pursue their agricultural occupations with a greater degree of security. At present they fear to go anywhere near the borders of the forest. The people at present seem disinclined, or they lack the means and courage, to attack and destroy their enemy, although considerable rewards are offered by the government for the destruction of beasts of prey. In 1888 the reward for killing a royal tiger was raised to 200 florins. It appears also that the immunity of the tiger is in part due to superstitions, for it is considered wrong to kill one unless he attacks first or otherwise does injury. Moreover, guns were always very rare in this particular district, and since a rising a few years ago have been taken away by the authorities altogether.

How We Should Breathe.

Dr. Campbell said the object of breathing was primarily to vitalize the blood. The injury of breathing bad air was not so much the taking of impurities into the lungs, but a lack of nourishment. Every molecule of the body was kept in motion by the breath. The reason sedentary employments and tight lacing were injurious was not a failure to get oxygen to the blood, but the failure to give sufficient motion to the molecules, without which good health was impossible. The vitalizing of the blood furnished the mind with new truths. The lungs took in four times as much air as was necessary and rejected three-fourths of it. So should the mind take in all that came to it and reject all that was not useful. There could be no good, pure, clear, deep thinking without good, deep, pure breathing. Every occupation and work had its own method of breathing. A man training for a foot race did hot breathe the same as a billiard player. A great many ailments due to sedentary occupations might be cured by abdominal breathing. Deep breathing was a cure for anger and uncharitableness. —Chicago Herald.

Fooling the Judge.

The judge's blood is not very thin, but through force of habit he likes the temperature in his room to be nearly 80 degs. His porter is sometimes late, and if the room is not up to the temperature where it should be a "blowing up" results. Recently, on a chilly morning, the porter overslept. He hurried to the office, arriving but a few minutes in advance of the punctual judge. The temperature was under 50 degs. The porter turned the steam on. But it was impossible to get the required heat before the judge would arrive. So the porter pressed his thumb against the bulb at the bottom of the thermometer. He was none too soon, for the mercury had no sooner reached a sufficient point than the judge's key was in the lock. The porter dusted away as the judge entered. The judge, as is his invariable custom, went directly to the thermometer, and, seeming satisfied that the temperature was sufficient, sat down at his desk with a satisfied air and went to work.—Albany Journal.

The Eiffel Tower.

The whole tower could be lifted by four men of average strength. The case has been proved. When it was about half its present height a few men actually did lift it. This is not humbug; the thing is perfectly simple. The construction of the tower is based on the cantilever principle, and its bulk of 6,400 tons is so adjusted as to press on the foundation with less weight than that of a man in an armchair on the floor.

Is the tower beautiful? No. But it has the erect, fragile looking elegance of an obelisk not hewn out of red granite, but knit of dark hued meshes—Emile Michelet in Paris Illustre.

The Rod.

The advocates of whipping as a means of family discipline are accustomed to quote Solomon as saying: "Spare the rod and spoil the child." What Solomon said was: "He that spareth the rod hateth his son." But the word rod does not necessarily refer to corporal punishment. It simply means parental authority and guidance. The same Hebrew word is used in Psalm xxiii, where David says: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. * * His rod and his staff they comfort me." The rod was the symbol of authority and power, not a raw hide nor a hickory withe.—Indianapolis Journal.

SMOKING TOBACCO.

An Assertion That the Practice Was Not Invented by America.

It has generally been supposed, says the New York Sun, that the uses of tobacco were not known outside of America and its islands before the discovery of the western world. While convincing proof to the contrary has not been obtained the explorations of recent years have raised the quesiton whether the tobacco habit in the fifteenth century was not far more widely prevalent than has been believed. It is learned that among many of the Pacific islands the natives used tobacco long before they were visited by white men, and there is no tradition among them of a time when their fathers did not understand the culture and uses of the tobacco plant. Throughout inner Africa also the use of tob cco is universally known and there is every reason to believe that some of the varieties of nicotiana in common use are indigenous. For all we know to the contrary the savages of Central Africa, who were quite unknown at the time Columbus discovered America, were puffing their pipes long before he made himself famous.

There is no doubt that the discovery of American tobacco had considerable influence upon the tobacco habit in Africa, if it did not actually introduce it. Our common Virginia tobacco was carried far up the Nile to equatorial Africa long before white men penetrated that region. Schweinfurth was the first to discover that this imported plant is in use among several of the Bahr-el-Gh sal and Welle-Makua tribes, and it is a curious fact that the savages who use this exotic have no native name for it. Each tribe has its own name for the native variety of tobacco, but the appellations the Africans apply to the imported plant show unmistakably that they are derived one and all from the word tobacco.

So far as this large region, at least, is indebted to America for an improved quality of the weed, the obligation seems to be acknowledged in the names given to the article. But the indigenous varieties are far more prevalent, and are largely used even where Virginia tobacco is cultivated. And since the foreign source of the exotic has been so easily discovered in the languages of the people, it seems not unreasonable to suppose that in the greater regions to which it has not extended, and where no foreign influence is descernible, the smoking habit had an independent origin.

It is not at all certain that the white race has a prior claim even on the invention of the cigar. In all the parts of New Guinea, the largest island in the world, that have yet been visited tobacco is cultivated, and in some of these districts the humble pipe contributes nothing to the enjoyment of the weed and is not even known. Dr. M——saw natives with crude-looking cigars in their mouths who had never seen a white man before and thought he had dropped from the sky. Dr. Finsch, who some years later explored the coast for hundreds of miles, says the natives of the whole northeast coast of New Guinea, though inveterate smokers, had never heard of a pipe, and returned those which he gave them as articles for which they had no use. He says they roll the partly dried leaves into a crude cigar, and, not being blessed with Havana wrappers, they tie around their cigar a large green leaf from a tree. Doubtless the vilest weeds sold on the Bowery are superior to those products of Papuan ingenuity, which holds fire so poorly that a live coal is always at hand to revivify them. But they suit the native taste, and the people seem to regard those who draw tob cco smoke through a pipe stem as belonging to an inferior order of human beings.

Queer Things About the 'Cello.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

Queen Marguerite of Italy is one of the best violincello players of the day. This noble instrument has an increasing fascination for the fair lady musicians, and the reason is not far off. The 'cello is the most nearly human instrument, because its range of tones coincides with the human voice. Its tones stir the bosom more easily to sympathetic romances. Its size and tention are nearly the same as the size and tension of the human bosom, and the vibration of one body is most apt to thrill the other, just as that harpstring which is most nearly in accord with another will vibrate most easily with the air waves. It is a curious fact that 'cello players more frequently observe than any others that the strings of the instrument will speak out quite loudly when the voice strikes the tone of one of its strings. Sitting alone in its corner, or hanging in its closet, the instrument often startles its master's guests by suddenly adding a loud note to a hearty laugh of some one of them. And more laughable still, if one gives his nose a resonant blow (and the humor of the actual fact will excuse the mention of a disagreeable operation) the 'cello will often take a spasmodic snort itself, as if in sarcastic instruction to its masters to learn to perform that nasal cavatina in pianissimo tones.

Tapping Trees for Sugar.

According to the Lewiston Journal, some years ago a city physician settled in a village in the northern part of Oxford county, Maine. In the spring he heard his neighbors tell of making sap sugar. Preparing himself with the necessary apparatus he started for the woods. Being entirely unacquainted with the business, he tapped every tree he came to. Afterward in speaking of the matter the doctor said that according to his experience the sap from the spruce, fir, and hemlock did not produce so much sugar as that from the maple, but he thought it was of superior quality.

LIVELY TURNS OF THOUGHT.

Dubuque, Iowa, had an invasion of sand or Mormon flies one night last week, which captured the city for the time being.

In England there are over 800,000 more widows than widowers. In France there are 194 widows for every 100 widowers.

At the Schuykill United States Arsenal, near Philadelphia, there is manufactured each year 8,000,000 rounds of ammunition and 15,000,000 of rifle balls.

The luxury of camp life seems to find its height in the Adirondacks. One camper-out has fifteen guides in his employ, besides kitchen servants and attendants.

A Bellaire man who sent 50 cents to a New York firm for "an easy method of getting rid of debts," received by return mail the laconic advice, "Pay them."

A rattlesnake kept by an Orlando (Fla.) jeweler lived eighteen months without eating. His owner then put an end to the snake's misery by chloroforming him.

The largest catch of pickerel from the St. Lawrence river on record was made at the Thousand Islands Park, by Philip Luther, of New York. He brought in thirty, with a total weight of 149 pounds.

Real estate above One Hundred and Tenth street in New York city continues to rise in value. One man bought $175,000 worth of lots on One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street last week to hold until 1892.

"As a final result" of abuses in the Cook County Insane Asylum, by which a patient lost his life through maltreatment, the county board has removed the medical superintendent. The killing of lunatics is cheap.

Judge Keatley, of Iowa, who has made a personal inspection of the schools of Alaska, reports that there are about fourteen schools in the territory, three of which are for white children, the rest being for natives.

In a St. Louis hospital a man had a dream which covered 10,000 miles of travel and six months' time, yet he was only a minute and a half covering the whole business. If the body could move with the brain how we would whizz!

A man with an artificial face has been attracting attention at an English watering-place. He has an artificial cheek, eye, and palate, fitted upon him by a Bristol surgeon. He eats without difficulty and speaks distinctly.

Judge Schley of Paulding county, Georgia, drives to his buggy a mule that is perhaps 35 years old and yet sprightly and in fine condition. He bought the mule in 1865 as a 10-year-old from a man who had picked him up running at large after Sherman's march through that section.

The rainy season in Florida is said to be delightful. The cooling showers generally set in about midday, and from then until night it is cool and pleasant. The mercury drops to about 70, and blankets are comfortable at night. Meanwhile everything grows as if by magic.

Eli Gibbons, of Blairsville, Pa., has a brood of domestic partridges. They were hatched by an old hen, who takes very kindly to her nimble little flock. There are fifteen "Bob Whites," and not one of them, or the old hen, either, is yet aware of the fact that they are not chicks.

An original pattern of the "divided skirt" is one of the most curious exhibits in the British section on the Champ de Mars. It attracts the attention of the Parisiennes to an amazing extent, and, according to a Paris correspondent, is the subject of much comment and discussion, not unaccompanied by admiration.

It is stated that about five hundred veterinary surgeons in Great Britain have signed a paper condemning overhead check reins as painful to horses and productive of disease. It distorts the windpipe, and is liable to cause paralysis of the muscles of the face, apoplexy, coma and inflammation of the brain, all these resulting in shortening the life of the horse.

A citizen of Elma, Cal., has just finished working up a fir tree which grew on his place. He received $12 for the bark, built a frame house 14x20 feet, 8 feet high, with kitchen 8 feet wide and 20 feet long; built a woodshed 14x20 feet; made 314 railroad ties and 500 boards six inches wide and two feet long and fifteen cords of wood, all from one tree, and has part of the tree left.

Two swindlers played a very shrewd trick on the merchants of Somerset, Ky. They bought up all the ginseng they could find, took it to town and sold it at the nominal price of $2 per pound. Upon investigation it was found the ginseng had been bought while green, split and a groove made in the root, which was filled with lead. Even iron tacks were found stuck into the ends of the roots.

The only ornament worn by Chinese of the laundrymen class is a wristlet, a polished translucent ring of white or greenish stone, just large enough to slip over the hand. They are quite expensive, ranging from $3 for an inferior dull white specimen to $50 for the green rings, that are the most highly prized. They must be entirely free from imperfections and emit a clear, sonorous ring when struck a light blow.

The cigarette habit is increasing. The commissioner of internal revenue collected taxes last year upon 2,151,515,300, which is an increase of 288,789,260 over the preceding year. The number taxed is a pretty good indication of the consumption. The number of cigars taxed during the last fiscal year was 3,867,385,640, an increase of 22,658,990, showing that the consumption of cigarettes is increasing more rapidly than that of cigars.

The Moon's Influence on Sleep.

New York Sun.

"The most singular case of insomnia of which I ever heard," said a physician, "is that of a friend of mine in a neighboring town, a lady of middle age. With the exception of her peculiar insomnia, she is in robust health. She is an uncommonly sound sleeper in the dark of the moon, but as the new moon approaches its first quarter she is attacked with wakefulness. She can sleep only at long intervals during the night, and only a few minutes at a time. The sleeplessness increases with the fulling of the moon, and by the time that stage in the moon's course is reached, she is unable to obtain even the slightest slumber. She remains in a state of utter wakefulness until the moon begins to wane, when she gradually grows sleepy again, and is able to sleep longer and sounder as the moon disappears. When the period of dark moon has arrived, she resumes her unbroken slumber. This condition has prevailed for more than ten years."

It is a "Zymotic."

"The disease called rabies in the lower animals, and which is known as hydrophobia when communicated to a man, is a zymotic," said Dr. Lansing. "It differs from others of its own class chiefly by the long period during which the virus remains latent. To the characteristic it owes most of its terrors, for, although dog bites are common, hydrophobia, at least in this country, is exceedingly rare. Furthermore, a person who has been bitten by a dog scarcely knows when he may venture to consider himselfsafe. The canine malady differs much in severity in different cases, and there is reason to believe that many dogs recover from its milder forms. Of persons who have been bitten by unquestionably rabid dogs, many have escaped hydrophobia, but there are authentic instances in which the disease has remained dormant for many years, and there is no authentic instance of the recovery of a human subject in whom it has once appeared.

"The result is that every one who has been bitten by a dog has hanging over him the possibility of a horrible death. Upon receiving a bite, the wound should be immediately laid wide open and all the surplus blood extracted and the flesh thoroughly cauterized. By so doing the life of the victim can be saved almost to a certainty."

Be Merciful to Yourself.

And heed the appeals for assistance put forth by your liver, when the organ is out of order. Among these are distress in the right side and through the right shoulder blade, yellowness of the skin and eyeballs, furred tongue, sour breath, sick headache, and, above all, irregularity of the bowels. The mercy you extend to the afflicted organ is wisely shown by a prompt course of medication with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, most genial of alteratives, and the hepatic gland early reciprocates the deserved attention by resuming its secretive functions actively and regularly. Among the accompanying good results are renewed digestion, freedom from headaches, and a resumption of activity of the bowels. All billious symptoms disappear, and appetite and sleep improve. Beneficent are the effects of the Bitters in malarial disease, kidney disorder, rheumatic ailments and nervousness.

Philadelphia Ledger: The question as to whether "electrocution" is practicable may reasonably be regarded as a current issue.

Confidence Begot of Success.

So confident are the manufacturers of that world-famed remedy, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery that it will do all that they represent, in the cure of liver blood and lung diseases, that, after witnessing its thousands of cures for many years past, they now feel warranted in selling it (as they are doing through druggists) under a positive guarantee of its giving satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it will be refunded. No medicine of ordinary merit could be sold under such severe conditions with profit to its proprietors, and no other medicine for the diseases for which it is recommended was ever before sold under a guarantee of a cure or no pay. In all blood taints and impurities of whatever name or nature, it is most positive in its curative effects. Pimples, blotches, eruptions and all skin and scalp diseases are radically cured by this wonderful medicine. Scrofulous diseases may affect the glands, causing swellings or tumors; the bones, causing "fever sores," "white swelling," or "hip joint disease;" or the tissues of the lungs, causing pulmonary consumption. No matter in which one of its myriad forms it crops out, or manifests itself, "Golden Medical Discovery" will cure it if used perseveringly and in time.

Its thousands of cures are the best advertisement for Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Damby—"Whew! A mine in Wilkesbarre, Pa., settles and kills a number of men." Mumley—"If you should settle with me I think it would kill me, with surprise."—Lawrence American.

Dobbin's Electric Soap is cheaper for you to use, if you follow directions, than any other soaps would be if given to you, for by its use clothes are saved. Clothes cost more than soap. Ask your grocer for Dobbin's. Take no other.

Bowie and His Knife.

"Henry Clay once told me," said Mr. Davis, with a smile, "of his first meeting with Bowie. It was in the early days, and Clay was traveling in a stage coach, where the only other passengers were a pretty girl, a big, rough looking countryman, and a limp little figure in a greatcoat. With the consciousness of his own perfect physique, Clay said he was congratulating himself on not being the limp figure bundled up in the corner, when he became conscious that the pretty girl was begging the rough countryman not to smoke, as it made her ill. The fellow replied with a savage oath, that he had paid his fare and would smoke when he——pleased. Mr. Clay said he was just trying to screw his courage up to the point of remonstrating with the country giant, when the limp little figure undoubled itself like magic, and, with a quick movement, reached down its collar, brought out a knife that in the excitement of the moment looked a yard long, and with another cat-like movement seized the fellow by the throat. 'Throw that pipe out of the window, or by—, I'll—' A comprehensive sweep of the murderous-looking blade finished the sentence and sent the pipe shattering on the ground. In another minute the knife had again disappeared down the capacious collar, and the limp figure had resumed its former verterbraless condition, 'but the rest of the journey,' said Mr. Clay, 'I spent wishing I was the little man in the great coat, who was none other than Bowie, with his famous knife.' "—St. Louis Republic.

The experience of years has not detracted from the acknowledged excellence of the qualities of Dr. Price's Delicious Flavoring Extracts, but has completely established their hold upon the tastes of all persons who love delicious flavors. If you desire a fine, delicate flavor in cakes, puddings, creams, ices or pastry, use Dr. Price's flavors

An Advocate of Standing Armies.

In a recent article in the Fortnightly Review Gen Lord Wolsely, the Adjutant General of the British army, and the only general of prominence in the service, publishes a strong indorsement of the maintenance of large standing armies. After reviewing the effects of the huge armaments of some of the continental powers of Europe, Lord Wolseley expresses his admiration for the beneficial results, as he calls them, that have followed from such araments and general conscriptions.

These huge standing armies, one of the greatest of living English generals calls a precious legacy bequeathed by the French revolution, and maintains that the present system of military training that is practiced on the continent and which is equivalent to maintaining Europe in the condition of an armed camp, is a blessing sufficient to compensate the nations of the Old World for all the losses growing out of the revolution of 1789.

Lord Wolseley naturally accepts the German army as the highest type of this military development and becomes quite enthusiastic over the benefits that this inimitable military organization has conferred on the social delelopment of the German Empire. Speaking of this great military power, he says: "Great as it is in war, it is infinitely greater as a national school for the moral, mental and physical training of the people."

According then to this aristocratic British soldier this perfection of the system of military development promotes the physical training of men, habits of cleanliness and order, obedience to authority and a thorough moral education that could not be obtained in any other way.

This universal military service is considered by Lord Wolseley as the surest bulwark against communism and anarchy and the best preserver of the public peace and national institutions. In this last result of the universal military service there will unquestionably be found many to agree with Lord Wolseley who might not be disposed to adopt his ideas on the advisability of turning Europe into an armed camp. In those continental countries of Europe which now maintain standing armies there is every reason to believe that communism and internal dissensions are kept down by the maintenance of large military establishments, but this is the result merely of circumstances that exist in these countries alone, but which are totally lacking in England, where Lord Wolseley would have the lessons implied taken most to heart.

England has steadily refused to follow the example of continental Europe in maintaining a large standing army, and while supporting a sufficient number of troops to meet her absolute necessities, there has been no attempt at arbitrary conscription or compulsory service. Yet in spite of England's neglect of the means pronounced essential by this high authority she has hitherto held her own fairly well in the race for power and prestige. While maintaining but a moderate standing army, England has preserved in a state of perpetual efficiency an immense militia force, which is available in time of need as the best equipped standing army could be. Besides she has been able to do this without neglecting her powers of offense and defense. Her navy leads the world, and her possessions of defensive and offensive works and armament rank with the most efficient at present in existence.

What is true of England is also true of this country. Although our standing army is but an insignificant body, we possess a well trained militia force, which if put in the field would constitute a host as formidable as any possessed by the most vaunted powers of Europe.

It is not, therefore, probable that any part of the Anglo-Saxon race is likely to adopt Lord Wolseley's views on standing armies, however useful they may deem them for the maintenance of order in other communities.—New Orleans Picayune.

E B WALTHALL & CO., Druggists, Horse Cave, Ky., say: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cures every one that takes it." Sold by druggists, 75c.

Humility may not make what the world calls a great man, but it will make what God calls a good one.

Slavin's Infallible Female Tonic, as a female regulator, for all female complaints, such as weaknesses, change of life, painful or suppressed menstruation, has no equal. It relieves instantly. If your druggist does not keep it send at once to S. I. F. T. Co., Indianapolis, Ind., for full particulars.

Read Dr. Sarber's card in another column.

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"The days of miracles are past." That may be, and yet some of the most wonderful things ever witnessed by the human family have occurred within the last decade. Not the least of these wonders is the success that the agents of B. F Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., are meeting with. Write them for particulars. They will show you how to work wonders.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
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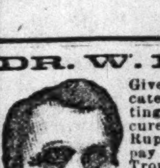
DR. W. H. SARBER



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Astonishment All Around.

A pious old citizen of Dearborn went to the cars the other day to see his daughter off. Securing her a seat, he passed out of the car and went around to the car window to say a parting word. While he was passing out the daughter left the seat to speak to a friend, and at the same time a grim old maid took the seat and moved up to the window. Unaware of the important change, he hurriedly put his head up to the window and said: "One more sweet kiss, pet." In another instant the point of a cotton umbrella was thrust from the window, followed by the wrathful injunction: "Scat! you gray-headed wretch!" He scatted.

Rheumatism

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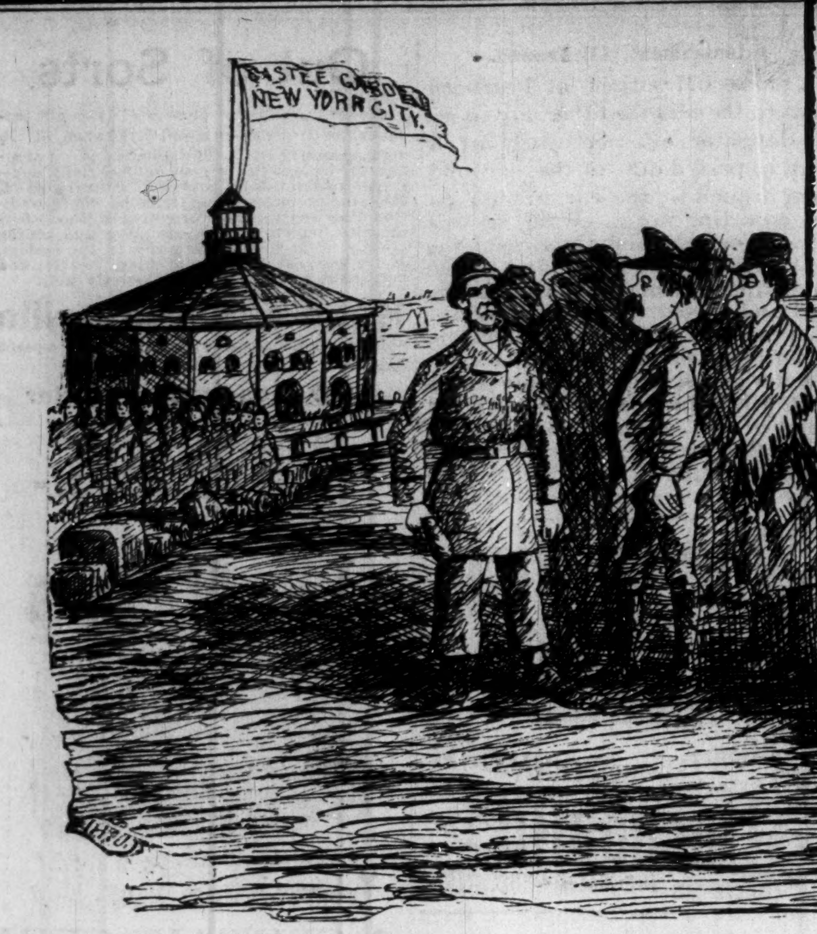

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MINSTREL JOKE.—END MAN—"Say, Mr. Interlocuter, why can't Sam Jones get on the police force?"
INTERLOCUTER—"Give it up. Why?"
END MAN—"Because he was born in America."

LOCAL LIFE.

The public schools will open Sept. the 9th.

Mrs. James Rhodes, of Chicago, was in the city this week.

Rev. T. W. Ford, of Evansville, Ind., was in the city this week.

Miss Bettie Moore has returned from a pleasant visit in Ohio.

Rev. R. W. Christian left for Madison, his charge, Tuesday morning.

Mr. H. Sweetland was nominated for the Council from the Third Ward.

The Second Baptist Church holds communion, Sunday, at 2 o'clock p. m.

Rev. B. Farrell, of Gallatin, Tenn., is preaching at Mt. Zion Church for the present.

Cards are out announcing the marriage of the Rev. Mr. White and Miss Anna Tasker on Aug. 29.

Mr. W. E. Brown, principal of the Broadway school at Madison, Ind., was in the city this week.

Miss M. Churchell, of Brightwood, Ind., who spent a few weeks in New York, returned last week.

The Indiana Baptist Association closed its session last Sunday with a grand success in every respect.

Mrs. Kate Ferguson and Miss Ada Taylor, of New Albany, Ind., are visiting friends and relatives in this city.

It is said that John Puryear, who was a candidate for tne city Council from the Fourth Ward, was counted out.

Mr. G. L. Knox has remodeled the bathing department of his shop, and it is now the finest of the kind in the West.

The colored boys of Brightwood have organized a colored band known as the I. K. Colored Brightwood Cornet Band.

Messrs Shores and Tevis have opened a dressed poultry, butter and eggs establishment at 66 Indiana ave., and desire their friends to call and see them.

Score one more for the race. Heston and Duncan began tearing away the old house on Kentucky avenue this week in order to erect their new block.

Mr. Lewis Cummings, foreman of the Y. M. C. A. barber shop, died Sunday night at the Emmet Hotel. His remains were buried under the auspices the soldiers.

Miss Nellie Foster and Miss Lillie Johnson, of Cincinnati and Madison, Ind., respectively, were elegantly entertained by Misses Mary and Victoria Wilson last Friday evening.

Mt. Zion Church has at last buried her troubles by a dissolution of the two opposing factions. The Morton faction withdrew, organized a church of their own on Blackford street and elected him their pastor.

If Edison has become a count American public can console itsself with the reflection thathe is not a no-account count.

A DAUGHTER-IN-LAW.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

Oh, come now, Nancy! if I was you I wouldn't take on! Maybe it'll all turn out right," said the sociable neighbor, who had dropped in to take a dish of tea, as Mother Hawkins wiped her eyes with her apron.

"Wal, mebbe 'twill!" sighed the good lady. "But it don't seem so now. Sit up, Mis' Jones; the cream biscuit'll spile with waitin'. Poor Will! he was so fond o' them biscuits! I'll bet she can't make 'em! 'Taint his marryin' I mind so much," she went on, as she poured the fragrant tea into the thin, old, china cups. "If he'd a-married a decent country gal, an' let her come here to live long o' me, I wouldn't a-cared. But no! he must go taggin' after one o' them finified city gals! Nothin' else 'ud do him! Mis' Jones, do have another lump o' sugar in your tea?"

"No, Mis, Hawkins, the tea is jest right now."

"Wal, take a slice more o' this briled ham, then! It's our own home-cured pork."

"Thankye, I don't care ef I do take a bite more. I don't eat much in general; but your vittles is so good, they kind o' give one an appetite."

"Wal, yes," said Mother Hawkins with another sigh. "Will always 'lowed I was a fair cook. And he was that fond o' good eatin'! And I 'low he'll git none o' it now."

"Mebbe he will, Mis' Hawkins. I've knowed some o' them city folks what was fust-rate cooks, an' liked the country, too."

"Oh, yes! they all like to come out fur a week or so while the berries is ripe. But you fetch 'em out an' set 'em to cookin' fur harvest hands when it's right hot, an' you'd see!"

"Will's wife may not be one o' that kind, Nancy."

"Bet she is! He found her boardin' in one of them big hotels, where they go to bed at midnight, and eat breakfast next day after decent folks has cleared up dinner. I know 'em. An' I ain't going to have anything to do with 'em, that's flat! And I told Will so, when he writ for me to come and see 'em married."

"La, Mis' Hawkins! didn't you go?"

"No, I didn't. Here, have another spoonful o' this honey, Mis' Jones—do! It's made o' white clover, and as clear as can be. There! No, I didn't go, and I writ to Will he needn't fetch her here, neither."

"Now, Mis' Hawkins! you didn't, really?"

"Yes, I did," said the old lady doggedly. "I know the hull lot o' them city gals—a-switchin' an' a-dragglin' their long-tailed gowns, an, a-bangin' their hair when they ought to have their heads banged, an' a-humpin' themselves up with bustles, to look like a camel, an' the Lord knows what all—fur I don't. But I set my face agin 'em! Will is a-makin' money there, and there he'll stay till she spends it all. Then he'll want to come back to his old mammy. But he can't do it. He left his mother an' took up with her, an' now he may jest stick to her, an' make the best o' his bad bargain! 'Tain't any use to talk to me!"

Mrs. Jones knew the stubborn old lady well enough to believe that. So she said no more. But after she got home she said to her own family:

"If I had as likely a son as Will Hawkins, I wouldn't go back on him fur no gal that ever drawed breath; and I'll bet a pretty penny Nancy Hawkins lives to wish she hadn't!"

* * * * * *

Meantime, in his cosy home in the city, Will had been gloomily reading his old mother,s last curt letter.

"Don't let it worry you, Will," said his bride, soothingly.

"I can't help it, Lily," was his reply. "She has always been such a good mother to me that it hurts me to have her be so wrong and obstinate."

"Go out and see her, and talk it over," suggested Lily.

"Never!" answered Will, firmly. "Unless business takes me, I shall never enter my old home, unless you go, too. If my mother cannot receive my wife, she cannot receive me. It is no use talking to me about it."

There was a touch of the old lady's stubborn spirit in the son, you see!

Mother Hawkins was a stout, fleshy old lady, bnt she did all her own work except for a few weeks in summer, when haying and harvesting came on.

This season, right in the midst of haying, Mary Jane, the hired girl, fell out of the haymow, where she was hunting for eggs, and broke her arm. Of course, she had to go home. Not another girl could be got for love or money, and so Mother Hawkins had to do all herself.

The two hired men could get the wood, and do the milking and churning. But Mrs. Hawkins had to sweat over the stove, and the weather growing hotter every day.

And one morning Mother Hawkins couldn't get up. The hired men got the best breakfast they could, and then Mrs. Hawkins sent one of them after the doctor, bidding him stop on the way home and see if Lucy Jones wouldn't come and stay until she could find a girl.

Now it so happened that important business brought Will Hawkins out to Downport that very morning. He did not intend to visit his mother; but he saw John coming out of the doctor's office, and he stopped him and learned how sick his mother was.

Then he felt in duty bound to call on her. He went, and the old lady was greatly surprised, and, as he could see, somewhat pleased to see him.

But not once did she ask for or even allude to his wife.

"Mother, you ought to have a girl," said Will.

"Well, goodness, so I ought!" groaned the old lady. "I told John to get Lucy Jones a few days, if he could. But she ain't no manner o' 'count, if she comes. And where to get anybody the mercy knows—I don't! I've tried everywhere."

"I think perhaps I could send you out one," said Will. "Good girls can sometimes be found in town."

"Well, for pity's sake, do it, then! I'll pay her well if she's werth her salt."

"I'll try it," said William. "I may not succeed, but if I can find one, I'll send her out on the noon train. If you don't like her, you needn't keep her, you know."

"Oh, I'll be glad to get anybody!" groaned the sick old lady, tossing restlessly.

John came back just then, saying Lucy Jones was away on a visit, and could not be hired; so Will, who must leave at once to catch the up-train, promised again to do his best to find a girl.

"I reckon I'd orter asked after her," said the sick woman to herself, after he was gone, and she had not even asked him to come back. "But I couldn't get the consent of my own mind to do it, nohow."

John scraped up what he could for dinner, and about one o'clock he came up-stairs, and said: "There is a lady down-stairs to see you, mum."

"A lady? Good gracious! and me in this fix! Who is it, John?"

"I hain't an idea who, mum."

"Well, fetch her up, since it's got to be; there's no help for it. But I hope 'tain't no company come to stay, for I can't keep her if 'tis."

John departed, presently returning with a tall, handsome lady, in a stylish black cashmere.

"Good-morning," said Mother Hawkins, seeing she did not know the lady.

"Good morning," said the lady pleasantly, advancing toward the bed. "I suppose you are Mrs. Hawkins?"

"Yes, I be." And the sick woman wondered what was coming next.

"I hear you are in need of a girl," said the stranger.

"Lord knows I am!" groaned Mother Hawkins.

"Well, your son, Mr. Hawkins, sent me out from the city to see if I would suit you."

"You!" Mother Hawkins sat up in bed, in her surprise at this elegant woman asking for the place of a servant! "Look at your hands," she said.

"They are not very black, I know. But they are used to doing housework, madam, I assure you. Will you try me?"

"You came from the city," said Mother Hawkins, without answering the question. "Do you live there?"

"Yes, madam!"

"Then what do you know about farmwork?"

"Everything," answered the stranger, confidently. "I was brought up on a farm, and have only lived in the city three years."

"But them fine clothes!" sighed Mother Hawkins.

"I have plain calico ones in my satchel," said this odd girl.

"What wages do you want?"

"Whatever you usually pay."

"I generally give two dollars and a half."

"Very well, that will suit me."

"What would you do first, if you staid?"

"The first thing, I would make you a cup of tea and a bit of toast. Then I would change my dress, go down-stairs, and get to work."

"For pity's sake, do it, then!" said Mother Hawkins, as, with a sigh of intense relief, she dropped back upon her pillows.

The stranger left the room. And in a short time she was back with the tea and toast temptingly arranged on a waiter, and as nice as hands could make them.

After they were disposed of, she brought fresh water and towels, bathed Mother Hawkin's hot face and hands, and brushed her hair back neatly under her cap.

"There, that's better, isn't it?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed," sighed the sick woman.

"What's your name, child?"

"Mary Sherman."

"Well, Mary, if you do as well for the rest as you have for me, I shall think it was the Lord's massy that sent you here!"

"I shall try to be useful, but it will take me a few days to learn about things in the house."

"Mebbe I'll be down by that time!" sighed Mother Hawkins, as she settled herself for a nap.

But she was not down in a day or two. It was four weeks before she could be helped down to the sitting-room. But everything had gone on as orderly under Mary's hands, as if Mother Hawkins had been mistress herself. And no sister or mother ever had more untiring care than she gave to the sick woman, who felt that she had indeed found a treasure, and could not bear to think of the time when Mary must go away.

William had written twice to ask how his mother was, but he had not been down again.

The day that Mother Hawkins went to the table for the first time since her sickness, a note came, saying that he was coming to see her by the evening train.

Not a word about his wife did he write. And Mother Hawkins, as she looked at Mary moving about with such a bright face, though that if Will had married a girl like that, they conld have been so happy!

But her sickness had softened her hard old heart toward her only son. And she wanted to see him very much indeed.

She heard the whistle of the train which brought him down. It was only a half-mile from the station to the farmhouse, and she waited, listening to every sound, until see heard his step upon the porch.

"That's him! that's my boy, Mary, come to see his old mother!" she said, eagerly, "Open the door and let him in!"

Mary opened the door—and—what? Mother Hawkins couldn't believe her eyes! Was Will, a married man, kissing and hugging her hired girl, with all his might, right before her face? The scandalized old lady sprang right up in her chair, crying out:

"Why, Will!—William! stop that! You, a married man! For shame! That's my Mary!"

"Yes, mother," answered William, brightly, "and she is my Mary, too." And he took the new girl to his mother, with his arm around her waist. "Mother, this is my wife!"

"Your wife!" And the old lady sank back in her chair, overcome with surprise. "But your wife's name is Lily."

"Yes; so is this lady's. Lily Mary Sherman Hawkins. I sent her to take care of you, so you would learn to love her. You have learned, haven't you, mother?"

"Well, that stubborn old lady, who had vowed she never would have anything to do with her daughter-in-law, just put her arms up around Lily's neck, and cried like a baby!

And now, when Mrs. Jones goes over to take tea, Mother Hawkins can talk of nothing half so much as the perfections of her daughter-in-law.

Astonishment All Around.

A pious old citizen of Dearborn went to the cars the other day to see his daughter off. Securing her a seat, he passed out of the car and went around to the car window to say a parting word. While he was passing out the daughter left the seat to speak to a friend, and at the same time a grim old maid took the seat and moved up to the window. Unaware of the important change, he hurriedly put his head up to the window and said: "One more sweet kiss, pet." In another instant the point of a cotton umbrella was thrust from the window, followed by the wrathful injunction: "Scat! you gray-headed wretch!" He scatted.

The Weakness of the Americans.

The Americans are the bravest people in the world. They will not only fight all comers, but they may be relied on to achieve victory under more adverse circumstances and against greater odds than has been recorded of any other race in the annals of modern times. They have, however, one fatal weakness. It is their blind worship of a titled nobility and their complete subserviency to all who belong or pretend to belong to that favored class.

In considering this question, we will barely mention those American citizens who are only too happy to receive into the bosoms of their families and lend them all the money they want, the real or pretended sprigs of a foreign titled nobility. And we will also pass over with the briefest possible notice the fact that the most beautiful and charming of our American women are unable to resist the wooings of the irresistible counts and princelings that do us the honor to visit our shores and accept our more than hospitality.

We have no word of criticism for anything of that sort, but what does astonish us is the transformation that takes place in the ministers plenipotentiary and the envoys extraordinary that are sent out by the American people to represent them in foreign countries. However thoroughly democratic and characteristically republican these personages may have been at home, no sooner do they come into the presence of royalty and nobility than they are made to feel thoroughly humbled, as if they were ashamed of their untitled democracy and homespun republicanism.

Truly, it must be overpowering, to say the least, for a man whose great-grandfather was a plain farmer and whose other ancestors were honest, homely folk, to find himself in the presence of one who is descended from a long string of lordlings. The title confirmed by law doubtless comes by the same divine right that makes and hedges a king, while the plain American cannot even be considered a gentleman unless his behavior declares him to be such. To be an honest man and a gentleman costs individual effort, but a man can be made a lord by law and need not be either gentle or honest.

Such is the great disadvantage at which our ambassadors are placed at the European courts, and it is not strange that they become entirely subservient to the wishes of the titled ministers with whom they have to contend. So bitterly did poor Edwards Pierrepont, who was minister to Great Britain during one of General Grant's presidential terms, suffer from this sense of humiliation that he was, at his own request, graciously permitted by the Queen to wear a blazon of arms on his ambassadorial carriage. Who then can wonder at the failure of the Berlin commission to maintain the dignity and rights of a mere republic as against royal and imperial behests.—New Orleans Picayune.

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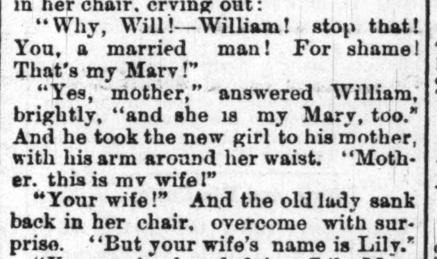
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NON-RESIDENT NOTICE.

STATE OF INDIANA, Marion County, SS: } In the Superior Court of Marion County, in the State of Indiana.

WILLIAM M. GARVIN, vs Jennie Garvin. } No. 39330 Complaint for Divorce.

Be it known, That on the 7th day of August, 1889, the above named plaintiff, by his attorney, filed in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of Marion County, in the state of Indiana, complaint against the above named defendant, Jennie Garvin, and the said plaintiff having also filed in said Clerk's office the affidavit of a competent person, showing that said defendant, Jennie Garvin, is not a resident of the State of Indiana, and that said action is for divorce, and whereas said plaintiff having by endorsement on said complaint repuired said defendant to appear in said Court and answer or demur thereto, on the 7th day of October, 1889.

Now, therefore, By order of said Court, said defendant last above named is hereby notified of the filing and pendency of said complaint against her, and that unless she appear and answer or demur therto, at the calling of said cause on the 7th day of October, 1889, the same being the first judicial day of a term of said Court, to be begun and held at the Court House in the City of Indianapolis, on the first Monday in October, 1889, said complaint and the matters and things therein contained and alleged, will be heard and determiued in her absence.

JOHN R. WILSON, Clerk.
JACOB FRANKLIN, Attorney for Plaintiff.

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